SPORTSMEN OF THE YEAR

Sports Illustrated

DOUBLE ISSUE DECEMBER 24-31, 1979 $1.50



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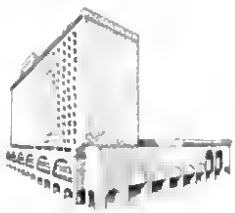
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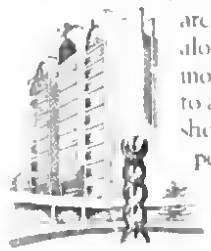
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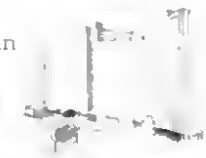
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THE COUNTDOWN TO SUPER BOWL XIV continues with four divisional playoff games, and both Pittsburgh and Dallas, the rivals in XIII, will enjoy the home-field advantage. Dan Jenkins, Joe Marshall, Ron Reid and Paul Zimmerman report.

FRANK MERRIWELL'S SON, so to speak, was Chip Hilton, the hero of 23 sports books for boys that basketball Coach Clair Bee wrote a generation ago. Jack McCallum tells what it was like growing up with Chip—and then meeting Bee.

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LETTIER FROM THIE PUBLISHIER

Twenty-five years ago, when SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was born, Willie (Pops) Stargell, one of our co-Sportsmen of 1979, was known around Oakland, Calif. as Lefty Milkshake—the 13-year-old Wilver was as busy imbibing shakes as he was slugging baseballs. He had notions of becoming a doctor but changed his mind four years later when the Pirates offered him a contract for $1,200. Co-Sportsman Terry Bradshaw, then about to enter the first grade of Adkins Elementary, was playing Pee Wee baseball in Shreveport, La. and had not yet begun to lose his hair. Our previous 26 Sportsmen and Sportswomen also now find themselves in far different circumstances from those they were experiencing around the time SI first appeared, on Aug. 16, 1954:

A headline in a '54 issue of *The Columbus* (Ohio) *Citizen Magazine* bragged, MOVE OVER SNEAD—MAKE ROOM FOR JACKIE, and the story below told of the exploits of 14-year-old Jackie Nicklaus (SI's 1978 Sportsman). Steve Cauthen ('77) was still six years away from being foaled. The kicks that a pregnant Colette Evert was feeling were probably soon-to-be-born Chrissie ('76) hitting tennis balls against the wall. And 13-year-old Petey Rose ('75) was no doubt sliding headfirst into third on a Cincinnati sandlot.

An 89-pound Cassius Clay ('74) was 12 and had just won his first fight, a three-round split decision in Louisville. In Dumbarton, Scotland, 15-year-old Jackie Stewart ('73) was working at his father's gas station and practicing to become the best trapshooter in Great Britain. Billie Jean Moffitt King's parents in Long Beach, Calif. were trying to talk her out of softball because it wasn't "ladylike," and her co-Sportsperson of 1972, John Wooden, had been at UCLA for six seasons, but it would be another 10 before his team won a national championship.



Billie Jean

Lee Trevino ('71) had quit school—he was 14—to help support his family by retrieving golf balls at Hardy Greenwood's pitch 'n putt in North Dallas. Six-year-old Bobby Orr ('70) was between seasons in the Parry Sound Minor Squirt hockey league, and '69 Sportsman Tommy Seaver, age 9, was splashing around in the Sunnyside Country Club pool in Fresno, Calif. Bill Russell ('68) was about to make San Francisco a national power in college basketball, while 15-year-old Carl Yastrzemski ('67) was picking potatoes on his father's Long Island farm.

Jim Ryun ('66) was a 7-year-old so beset by allergies he sneezed himself out of the Wichita, Kans. Little League. Sanford Koufax ('65) had just flunked a tryout with the Giants by throwing his first pitch into the stands. Ken Venturi ('64) was playing golf—for the Army. Alvin Rozelle ('63) was publicity director for the Los Angeles Rams, and 13-year-old Terry Baker ('62) was the scourge of the playgrounds of Peninsula Park in Portland, Ore.

Jerry Lucas ('61) was soon to enter 9th grade. He probably wouldn't remember that at 14 he was a year away from leading his Middletown, Ohio high school to 76 straight victories. Arnold Palmer ('60) was only a few weeks away from winning the U.S. Amateur, and Ingemar Johansson ('59) was a seaman in the Swedish navy.



Yaz

Rafer Johnson ('58), fresh out of high school, had just finished third in the AAU decathlon to the Rev. Bob Richards and Aubrey Lewis. Stan Musial ('57) was on his way to batting .330 for the Cardinals and 18-year-old Bobby Morrow ('56) was helping his father pick cotton on the family farm in San Benito, Texas while trying to decide whether to continue running.

Johnny Podres ('55), just recovered from an appendectomy, was a struggling 21-year-old lefthander for the Dodgers, still a year away from becoming a World Series hero and enjoying the dual distinction of being selected as our Sportsman and having a baby hippopotamus in a Brooklyn zoo named after him. Roger Bannister ('54) was the subject of the lead story in a new magazine called SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, having just beaten John Landy in the first mile in which two runners finished in under four minutes.

Here are some other stats. Bradshaw is the first pro football player to be selected and only the third from that sport. Stargell is our seventh baseball Sportsman, all but Yaz from the National League. Among them they've won 13 batting titles and seven MVP and six Cy Young awards. Cauthen was our shortest (5' 1"), lightest (96 lbs.), youngest (17) and is the only one yet to marry. Our oldest was Wooden (62), and the oldest athlete was Nicklaus (38). The tallest was Russell (6' 9½"), the heaviest Lucas (230 lbs.).

Stewart, Yaz, Trevino, Nicklaus and Lucas were born within a year of each other, and Podres and Johansson eight days apart. The longest and shortest names, Yastrzemski and Orr (in a tie with Ali), both played for a Boston team. Four are from foreign countries and four were born in California, birthplace of the most Sportspersons. Their bloodlines are Lithuanian, Italian, Mexican, African, Polish, Irish, Swedish, Scottish, Russian and American Indian. Of their 49 children, 14 belong to the four golfers.

But perhaps the most interesting thing to note about our Sportspersons is the names we've managed to leave out in the last 25 years. Among them: Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle, Henry Aaron, Ted Williams, O. J. Simpson, John Unitas, Jim Brown, Gordie Howe, Jerry West and Pelé. They didn't have baby hippos named after them, either.

Clifton F. Sutton

"We were stopped dead... 'cause Weed had traded all the railroad ties for 2 dozen oysters and a French piano."

Sean Sweeney, Gang Boss, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



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SI SB

Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

UHROO! UHROO! FROM MARYLAND ONE HEARS THE HUNT CRY OF—THE BASSET?

Ah, the noble hound: the retriever and pointer, which bring in the game, the bloodhound, which tracks down felons and rescues lost children, the coonhound, which practically qualifies as a drinking buddy. But the basset? The *basset?* Surely this sad-eyed, droopy-jowled, short-legged, heavy-bodied creature is too awkward and too slow to make a good hunter. Nonetheless, a hunter it is, a lesser-known breed among the "trailing hounds," which include the more popular beagle and dachshund, whose keen sense of smell enables them to track rabbits, foxes, raccoons, deer and even people.

The name basset is derived from the French word *bas* (low). A cross between the French bloodhound and Hubert's hound, bassets were bred in medieval times for hunting in heavy cover. "Their heads are hung with ears *that sweep the morning dew,*" said Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* The breed was imported to North America in Colonial days, and now a dozen-odd basset hunts are conducted in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Illinois.

A basset hunt is like a fox hunt, except there are no horses. That's a big difference. Fox hunters careen through fields, jumping fences and breaking collarbones when they fall. Basset followers casually trail their ponderous hounds, who are great trackers but not-so-great trappers. On those rare occasions when there is a kill, the bassets will wear down their quarry—usually a hare—and quickly devour it.

More than anything, a basset hunt is a social event. The annual Blessing of Hounds hunt, held Thanksgiving weekend by The Timber Ridge Bassets in Westminster, Md., is a case in point. The "field" of 185 guests and subscribers, who support the hunt with annual dues of from $75 to $150, assembled at 11 a.m. Saturday on the rolling property of hosts Herb and Peg Rice. A young Episcopal minister, Rick Lindsey, ecumenically blessed both hounds and hares, and subscriber Bill Holden eloquently recited relevant passages from Shakespeare. Then everyone was off on a two-hour walk following the nine-and-a-half "couple" of bassets (that adds up to 19 hounds) across a Wyethian landscape of plowed-under corn and soybean, milkweed and high grass.

The people were as noteworthy as the pack. Social hunters have long been the subject of overdrawn stereotypes—"The unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable," as Oscar Wilde said of fox hunters. Granted, some members of the Timber Ridge crowd had aristocratic-sounding names—M. Warfield Constant, Elwood Bobbits, H. Lloyd LeCompte Jr.—but among the hunt followers were farmers and professional people from Baltimore, an hour's drive to the southeast. A random sampling by vocation: insurance executive, college professor, engineer, orthopedic surgeon, computer programmer, retired military officer and one expatriate Russian princess. The field ranged in age from eight to 88 and the eye-catching haberdashery from jeans to tweeds. Philosophically, it was a rather conservative group but one advocating controlled land and game management. To a man, woman and child, they looked askance at a tacky housing development in the distance.

Dressed in white trousers and stocks, black-velvet hunting caps and green coats bedecked with the hunt's official gold and blue piping, a half-dozen "whippers-in" ranged around the pack. It was their job to keep the hounds together, and they did so efficiently, snapping their plaited whip thongs in the air with such force that the whips literally broke the sound barrier.

Master Huntsman Meena Rogers directed the hounds and whips. Every so often she would blow a call on a nine-inch silver-and-*copper hunting horn—among them staccato* sounds summoning the field and hounds, up and down notes encouraging the bassets to chase a scent and a long lyrical note to bring in the whips. Rogers keeps the pack on her Maryland farm and runs it three days a week, including the weekend dates from October through March when The Timber Ridge Bassets meet around the state. The club convenes once a week during that period, except when crusty ground endangers the hounds' pads.

A fine-arts appraiser by profession, Rogers called to her hounds by name: Reggie, George, Rocky, Fats, Bunky, Jasper, Joker, Rigel, Sam, Mollie, Katie, Carol, Fancy, Coco, Winnie, Sarah, Minnie, Beulah and Ben. Like most hounds, bassets are trained to follow scents. "The new hounds go out with the old and pick up the system very quickly," Rogers says. "But bassets act very bored when there's no scent. They just poke along." That, alas, was the problem on Thanksgiving weekend. Only once was their unforgettable "uh*roo*, uh-*roo*" heard—and that when a fox broke out of the bushes and quickly disappeared down a road.

Nevertheless, the field celebrated afterward with chili and drinks. "I used to worry about taking care of everyone," says Rogers, who was recently widowed. "When my husband, Charles, was alive I would do the hunting and he'd take care of the field. After he died two years ago I had to greet people, and I'm a little uptight. But when the hunt starts, there are no problems. So many people from so many walks of life come out, and it's amazing how well they get along. I think the country is a great healer." **END**

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Houston	Feb 25-Mar 2
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New York (Championships)	Mar 17-23

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Ogden UT	Jan 21-27
Boise ID	Jan 28-Feb 3
Calgary Canada	Feb 4-10
Toronto Canada	Feb 11-17
Roanoke VA	Feb 18-23
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Shopwalk

by BARRY McDERMOTT

IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE ATHLETES WITH THIS TIMELY PRODUCT

Certain things make you feel smart. Remembering a mother-in-law's birthday can do it. Remembering a boss' birthday can really do it. And, occasionally, even buying something can have that effect. Casio Inc., the maker of the F-200 timepiece, better known as the Runner's Watch, is probably missing a marketing coup by not extolling the mental benefits and heightened self-esteem that accrue from the purchase of their product.

For instance, you can impress your friends by showing them how the F-200 keeps time in hours, minutes and seconds, how it displays the month, day of month and day of the week, how it has an AM/PM indicator, how it shifts into a stopwatch that measures time in hundredths of seconds with a lap-time feature that enables the jogger to do all kinds of tricky timing, and how it has a night-light. The F-200 is shock- and water-resistant, and its black plastic case makes it so light that now and then you must check to be certain the watch is still on your wrist. After the demonstration your friends will reply, "Yeah. But how much does it cost?"

The answer is $29.95. And that really makes you feel smart—paying so little for something that is both functional and fun. With this watch you can easily answer questions like how long it takes for the elevator to arrive or how long you've spent in a traffic jam. Studying an F-200 may replace foot-tapping as a sign of impatience.

Practically speaking, the featherweight watch is ideal for joggers. In October's New York City Marathon seemingly half the field was wearing one, because the F-200 has become to running chic what stripes on shoes were before everyone and his President began wearing them.

The watch does have a drawback for some. Its control panel, though consisting of only three buttons, is just slightly less complicated than that of an airliner's cockpit. Reading the instruction booklet helps, but patience is required because the booklet is printed in four different languages: English, German, French and Spanish. It's important to find the language of your choice, because even if you have the wisdom to buy an F-200, without the directions you might never be able to operate it to its full capacity. Recently a colleague of mine praised the watch but complained that his did not have a night-light. As it turned out, it did have that feature, he just hadn't figured out which button to push.

Now that made him feel dumb. END

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Benson & Hedges 100s Lts.	11
Marlboro 100s	17
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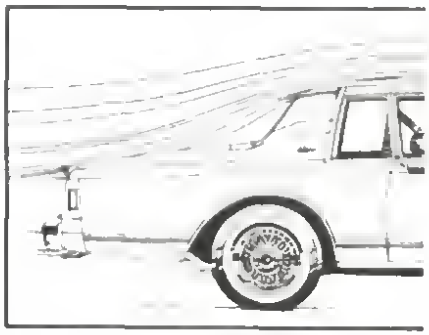
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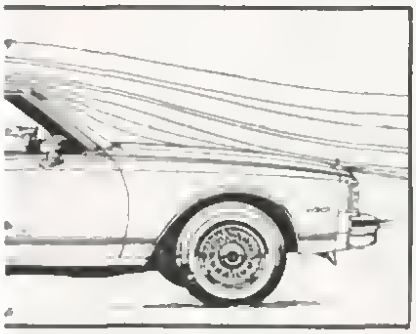


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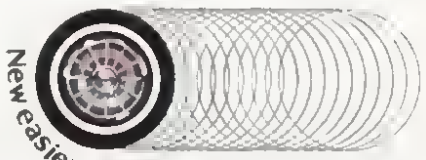
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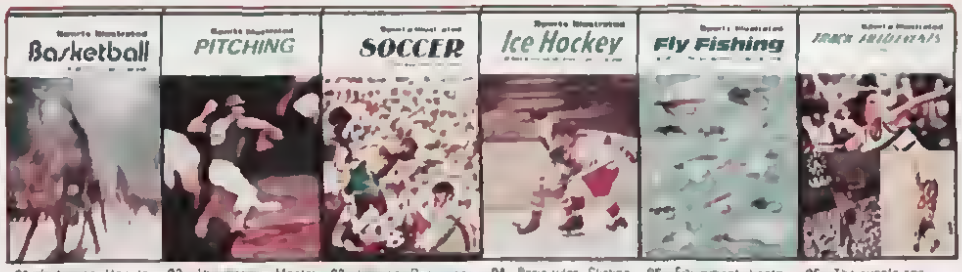


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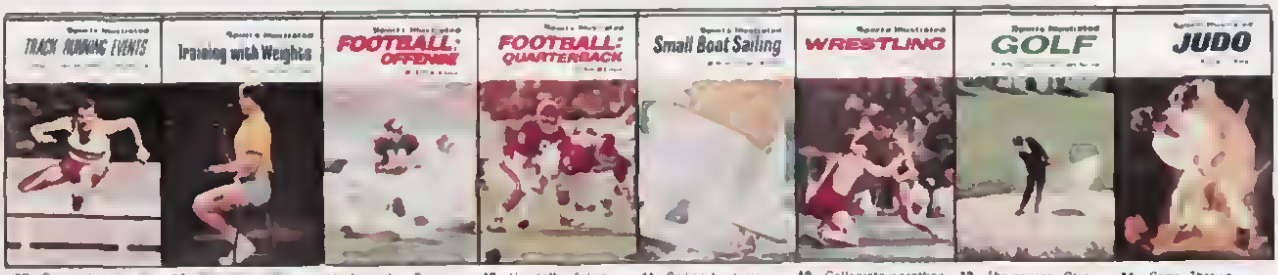
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Sideline

by MYRA GELBAND

'GREAT AMERICAN RUNNING TRAILS' IS THE ANSWER TO A JOGGER'S PRAYER

When it comes to running in unfamiliar territory, I, like Blanche DuBois, "have always depended on the kindness of strangers." With mixed results. Asking a desk clerk or taxi driver where to run is taking a chance. Often, faced with a freeway on one side and a shopping mall on the other, I simply circle the motel parking lot until I drop from dizziness. And more than once I have changed into running clothes only to sit nervously in my room, too shy to approach the desk clerk in shiny yellow shorts.

But help has arrived. For $1, Kinney Running Trails (P.O. Box 5006, New York, N.Y. 10022) offers "The Great American Running Trails" pamphlets, which tell where to run in more than a dozen cities. Each brochure covers a single city, offering routes that can accommodate a variety of distances, and each is illustrated with clearly drawn maps.

These are safe and scenic trails where there will be other runners, and a stranger is not likely to get lost miles from his lodgings. Writers who know their cities well, and run in them regularly, have provided descriptions that are informative and engaging.

Joe Hyams, a Hollywood screenwriter, tells where to run in Greater Los Angeles. His 17-mile route meanders along the Pacific Ocean to Marina del Rey. The Minneapolis brochure claims that city is so fitness-conscious that it plows the running paths after snowstorms. In Philadelphia, a seven-mile run leads one past Rodin's *The Thinker* and a Claes Oldenburg sculpture of a giant clothespin. "No, you are not suffering from oxygen debt," the writer, Joel Henning, assures you.

The kit also features a guide providing advice particular to each city. Suggestions range from motherly (carry an I.D.) to practical (bring waffle-soled shoes to Portland, where the paths can get muddy) to cautionary (watch out for sunburn in Denver).

On most maps, distances are precisely measured ("exactly 3.92 miles"), and comfort stations are noted, as are locations where runners gather.

Some of the maps are better than others. The route in Phoenix is only three-quarters of a mile long—hardly worth warming up for. While Phoenix and its minitrail are included in the series, Boston, New Orleans and Atlanta, oddly, are not. "Running Trails" won't get you through the hotel lobby in yellow shorts, but it's nice to know that once you're outside, the scenery may feature a Rodin instead of a parking lot. **END**



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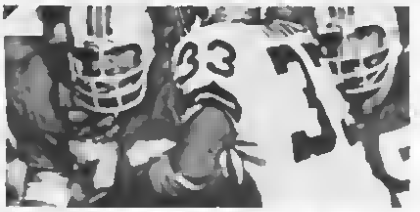
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VIEWPOINT

by ABBIE HOFFMAN

THE FUGITIVE MOONBALLER GETS OFF RETURN VOLLEYS AT HIS OLD COACH

The mail comes late to my mountain hideout somewhere off the coast of Iowa, but not long ago I read a copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that contained a reminiscence by my old tennis coach, Bud Collins (SI, Sept. 17, 1979). Bud wrote about those glory-filled days of '59, when I captained Brandeis University's netmen to the school's only unbeaten season. I knew right off that Bud was going to say nice things about me, because he promoted me from the third spot to second. It took him 20 years to move me up a notch. I appreciate Bud's gesture, but for the sake of history I must break my fugitive silence and correct this and a few of his other recollections.

There is the matter of our lead and who was in charge of the team, he as coach or I as captain. It came about because, before Bud, the captain was the coach. I mean, before Bud, our tennis team had zilch—just one beat-up court. So we looked to Bud as our savior, a guy who would approach Athletic Director Bernie Friedman and try to get us new balls to practice with and maybe team jackets.

Brandeis was only 11 years old at the time. Tennis was a diddly sport back then, and the school, like most, spent its alumni bucks "rounding up gridiron gladiators so the school would look good on the sports pages. Of course a football team at Brandeis was as out of sync as nuns at a cockfight. But the school wanted to prove it could break legs and dislocate shoulders with the best of Saturday's heroes. It didn't want the country's only Jewish-sponsored university to be known as a ghetto for brains, given stereotypes and all that. No one seemed to notice that except for the Goldfader boys, from my hometown of Worcester, Mass., the whole team seemingly was made up of Gentiles imported especially for that purpose.

So the athletic department gave practically all of its money to football, and the tennis team got new balls only for its matches and no jackets. So we asked Bud, as our coach and leader, to change all this, and he passed the racquet back to me as captain.

I went to see Friedman, who ushered me into his office and pointed out "the trophies he'd won, while I spelled out our complaints. Then he said, 'Sonny, you know the two greatest things that ever happened in the history of the Jewish people?' I thought for a while and gave up. 'Well, I'll tell you. The first was when the Jews got up an army and walloped the British, and the second was when I made All-America twice for Michigan!'"

Further into his article Bud comments on

continued


n the night before Christmas
I've got some advice
For those who've been naughty instead of nice.
If you should party into the night,
You may wake up with a headache to fight.
While an upset stomach makes you want to die,
From the turkey, eggnog, and mom's pumpkin pie.
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my style of play: "Sadly, I must tell you there was nothing revolutionary about Abbie's style. He bordered on the reactionary, believing that every ball should be returned safely over the net." Way off, Coach. The Big Serve *is* reactionary tennis. Pancho Segura knew as much about tennis as Pancho Villa knew about revolution. Just run the ball down and get it back. It doesn't matter if the court is tennis or judicial. I've always found it best to "keep the ball in play." After all, it was Che Guevara who wrote the famous guerrilla maxim "Wait for the unforced errors."

I don't want to get picky. I really like Bud, and in my forthcoming autobiography, *Soon To Be A Major Motion Picture* (Grosset & Dunlap), I refer to him as the Walter Cronkite of tennis. He really has been a big factor in getting the game out of the country clubs and onto the streets. And he wasn't as bad a coach as he claims. Bud taught the game of Outer Tennis. Say your opponent likes to rush the net. Instead of giving him the satisfaction of slamming the ball down your throat, Bud taught us to hit it out of bounds, explaining that net-rushers get frustrated quickly when prevented from testing their racquet strings.

Still, we all suspected Bud learned coaching from a how-to-teach-tennis pamphlet we once found next to his locker. We were never sure if he knew what he was talking about because he always showed up for matches in his street clothes. He'd circle around the courts in his Weejuns, yelling instructions: "Hit their ankles!" "Go for the backhand."

Yeah, I remember those times, playing tennis in New England back when, like bridge and croquet, it was considered less than a real sport. But I was hooked on Holden Caulfield. I kept up my game even during the great riots of the '60s. Once I challenged then-Vice-President Agnew to a match. I told him I'd get a haircut if he beat me. I could have spotted Spiro five games and Bobby Riggs and still have wiped his nose in the clay.

I often play on the run, so to speak, though underground courts do get a little damp. It was coincidental, Bud, but I read your article the day I got home from the doctor after getting shot with cortisone for my first tennis elbow. Time flies. You know, it's a funny thing, with age you are promised wisdom and instead you get tennis elbow. But don't worry about me being a fugitive and all, Coach: it's just another road trip. I was sorry to miss the team reunion at the U.S. Open, maybe I'll show up next year. I enjoy your announcing *schtick* on all the big matches, though your colleague on another network, the Davis Cup coach with the lean-mean look, has gotta go. Tony Trabert still hasn't accepted the fact that tennis, like life, is just another ball game. I always brag when your face comes on the tube. "Hey, see that guy? He was my coach." So I was your most notorious pupil? You're a good guy, Bud, and you can call me anything you want—just don't call 911. **END**



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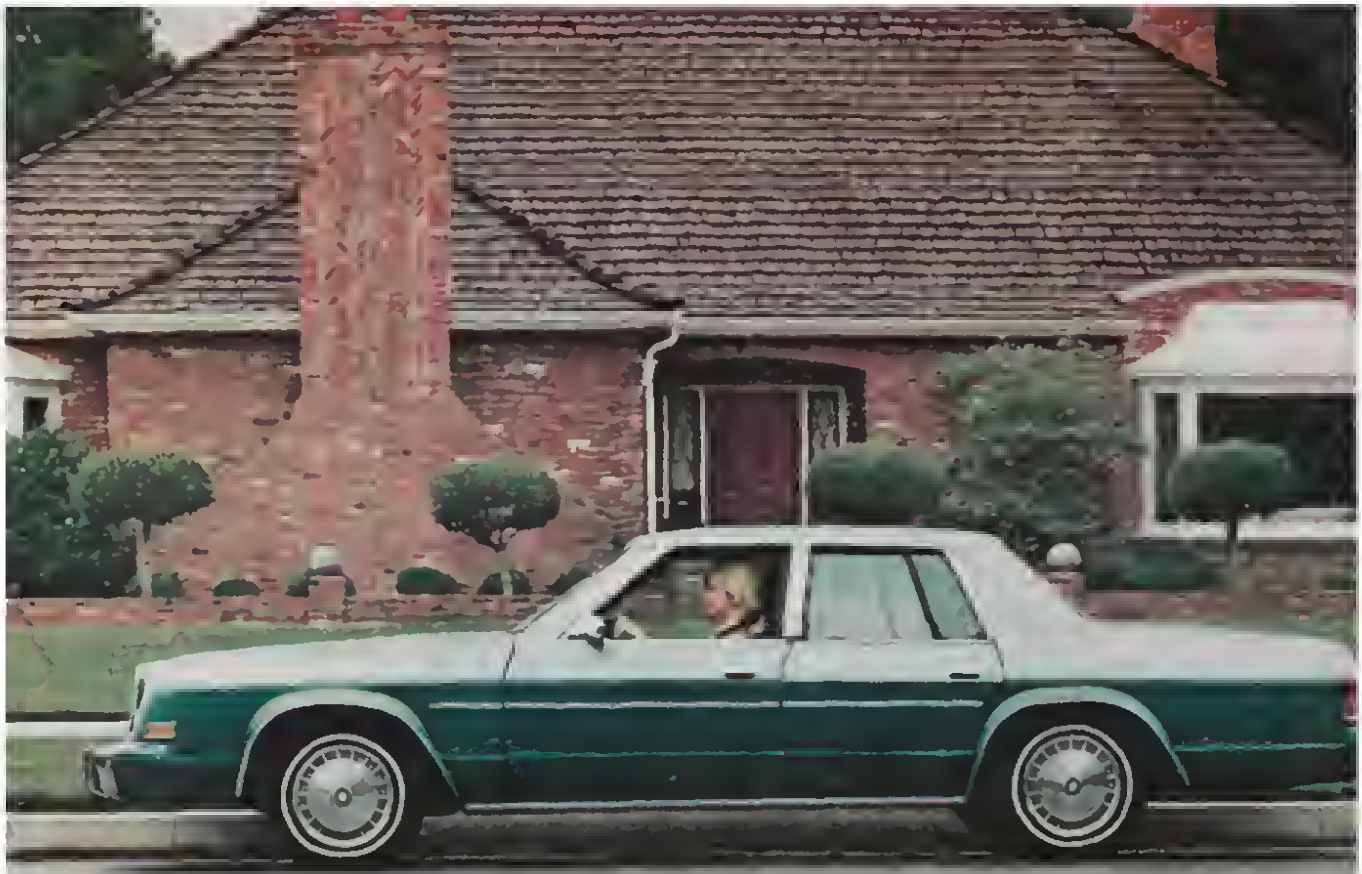
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SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

THE SCANDAL (CONT.)

In the wake of the scandals involving the "earning" of bogus credits by athletes at Arizona State and New Mexico, many universities and conferences are scrutinizing the academic records of all their athletes. And the FBI and NCAA are investigating the possibility that there is a flourishing industry in making athletes academically eligible by fraudulent means.

The investigations are aimed at uncovering the interrelationship of universities, junior colleges and off-campus extension programs, and the workings of what is increasingly being referred to as "the old boy network of coaches"—old friends at universities in different parts of the country who help each other out in the crucial business of keeping athletes eligible.

The NCAA has already investigated at least two individuals believed to be "brokers," middlemen who are in the business of getting needed credits for athletes, by using forged or doctored transcripts or by discovering snap summer courses, even easier correspondence courses or courses for which credit can simply be bought. In many cases, such courses are found in extension programs, which are offered by more than 300 universities. These are intended primarily for graduate students, most of them teachers who need the courses to maintain their certification. But because many of these courses can be taught in a church basement or someone's den and often are not carefully supervised by the sponsoring college, which can be thousands of miles away, a widening pattern of abuse is beginning to appear, a pattern that is eliciting "tip of the iceberg" comments in college athletic circles.

First came the revelation in November that eight Arizona State football players had received credit without having completed any work for an extension course taught in Los Angeles but held under the auspices of Rocky Mountain College of Billings, Mont. Next, New Mexico revealed that six of its basketball players had gotten credit for an extension course run in Sepulveda, Calif. by Ottawa (Kans.) University, even though at least five of the players hadn't attended a class or done any course work. And a few days later, three New Mexico football players, three Oregon football players and a Utah basketball player also were discovered on the 49-student roll for the Ottawa course. But only one of the non-New Mexico athletes, Oregon freshman Paul Perez, was found not to have done work for the course. Curiously, officials at Utah and Oregon apparently understood that it was a correspondence course requiring only independent reading and a mail-in final. Ottawa officials protested that such an assumption was incorrect; attendance is always mandatory.

The FBI and NCAA want to know how these athletes were enrolled in the courses—and if and with whom deals may have been made to get them credits without doing any work. It is suspected that some of the paperwork was forged.

As these investigations began, Rocky Mountain announced it is abolishing its extension program and Ottawa said it will no longer offer physical education classes by extension. And, it was learned, Santa Clara stopped giving extension courses in 1976 after suspicions of similar irregularities on transcripts of athletes who took its courses were raised. The NCAA had also investigated at least one person connected with its extension program.

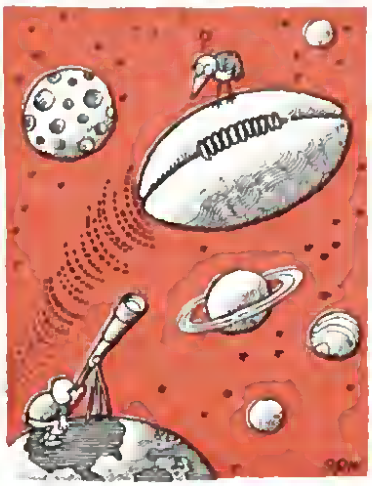
An ironic note: Utah basketball star Danny Vranes, who took the controversial Ottawa course, "Current Problems and Principles in Coaching Athletics," by correspondence, submitted as his only written work a 3½-page paper. Its subject? "Recruiting," says Vranes. "You know, all the hassles and pressures."

HAPPY NEW YEAR

It's time again for New Year's resolutions; here's a sampling of what some people in sports are planning for 1980:

Darryl Dawkins, the muscular, backboard-smashing 76er center, will try to dunk with less force, leaving such destructiveness to 5′ 4″ Scooter DeLorme, a guard for the Minnesota Fillies of the Women's Basketball League, where the "Dawkins Rule" does not apply, who has resolved to "smash three backboards and break Dawkins' record."

Former Miami and San Diego Running Back Mercury Morris wants to give up smoking, while Seattle Wide Receiver Steve Raible yearns to give up concussions. "But that is contingent on Jack Tatum retiring," says Raible, referring to a concussion he received from the Oakland safety on Sept. 16. Ahmad Rashad, of the Minnesota Vikings, says, "My resolution is to find out from Jim Marshall [*page 84*] what resolutions he made every year, so I can play 20 years, too."



Joe Theismann, the Redskins' quarterback, vows that "in 1980 I'm not going to let anyone change the pronunciation of my name to rhyme with any trophies." His teammate, Linebacker Pete Wysocki, promises "never to say 'Hi, Mom' on national TV sideline shots or to hold up a finger signifying No. 1. I'll say hello to a cousin and claim to be No. 4."

WBA welterweight champion Jose (Pipino) Cuevas is determined to become the *only* world welterweight champion, and golfer Lon Hinkle, known on the tour as the Pillsbury Doughboy, resolves to reduce his weight from 225 to "210 or bust." After finishing second to Sebastian Coe in the world-record (3:49) Golden Mile in Oslo, Steve Scott is determined "to not have to shout at a guy ahead of me the next time I run a 3:51.1 mile."

continued

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Commentator-Coach George Allen resolves to grow bigger and better strawberries, raspberries and blackberries. Brian Sipe, the clean-cut Cleveland quarterback, will be happy if he grows a little more hair on his chest.

Some people can't be bothered making New Year's resolutions. Larry Csonka is one who eschews them, saying, "I have a hard enough time as it is." And others, like Cincinnati Bengal Punter Pat McInally, get almost lyrical in their resolve. "Without being esoteric," McInally says, "I want to kick the ball so high, so far, they'd have to invent telescopic lenses to enable the punt returners to track the spheroid's earthward flight toward its inevitable berth on the AstroTurf."

JOHNSONS WAX

There is, it seems, a surfeit of Johnsons in the NBA. A recent game between the SuperSonics and Pacers brought together five players so surnamed: Dennis, John and Vinnie of Seattle, and Mickey and Clemon of Indiana.

That combination prompted Dick Mittman of *The Indianapolis News* to pick an All-Johnson NBA team. At guard would be Seattle's Dennis and Vinnie, along with Atlanta's Eddie and Los Angeles' Magic. The Johnson jumping center would be Indiana's Clemon or New Jersey's George, and at forward could be John of Seattle, Mickey of Indiana, Ollie of Chicago, George of Denver and Marques of Milwaukee. The decision as to which Johnsons to start would be made by Phil You-know-who, the former NBA Coach of the Year at Kansas City who is now an assistant with the Bulls.

Where would the team eat on the road? Howard Johnson's, of course. And what company would supply it with tape? Why, Johnson & Johnson.

Then there are dilemmas this team would present for opposing coaches and referees, who would find themselves saying things like "O.K., Dave, you're now covering Johns . . ." and "Foul on, uh, Johnson." Well, you can call him Magic or you can call him Mickey. . . .

BUCKEYE BUCKFRY

Not everyone at Ohio State has spent the fall going bananas over the unbeaten football team. Helmuth Engelman has devoted his autumn to Buckfry, a concoction of 80% diesel fuel and 20% waste cooking oil.

Engelman, an associate professor of mechanical engineering, and Mary Kay Fishinger, a graduate student in Engelman's department, are experimenting with Buckfry as fuel for the university's dozen or so shuttle buses. The food service sends over the soybean oil that has already been used in its deep fryers and Engelman and Fishinger strain it carefully before mixing it with regular diesel fuel. Then they put it in the tank of their test bus.

"We're looking first for any deterioration in the engine," Engelman explains. "If the engine doesn't go to hell, we'll have part of the thing licked. Ohio State has one of the biggest single campuses in the country, some 53,000 students. That means there are a lot of French fries cooked around here." If the Engelman-Fishinger experiment proves successful, Ohio State could reduce its current fuel bill by as much as 20%, which ain't small potatoes.

HONEST ABE

The press guide for this season's University of Texas basketball team devotes three pages to quips and quotes from the Longhorns' raconteur-coach, Abe Lemons, on subjects ranging from the use of the full-court press to the price of eggs in New York City. About the only thing the guide didn't get Lemons' views on was press guides, and no wonder.

"I read these books and they rave about every player," Lemons said recently. "It says this player has good quickness and excellent jumping ability and really hustles. And I look at the statistics and see he averages three points a game. Some year I'm going to write our book. And it's going to say, 'I wish I had never recruited this player. He has eaten $5,000 worth of groceries and has cost us $10,000 overall, and he's scored one point. He's a dog.' "

THE POET ALLEN

Jack Smith, the *Los Angeles Times* columnist, wrote a piece the other day criticizing convoluted language, particularly jargon, but to be fair he quoted a letter from a lawyer defending legalese. The lawyer argued that such arcane terms as "devise and bequeath" and "fee simple" are not gobbledygook but symbols that have a precise meaning, at least for lawyers, just as other phrases have their precise meanings for physicists or mathematicians.

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NEW ANTI-PERSPIRANT DISCOVERY

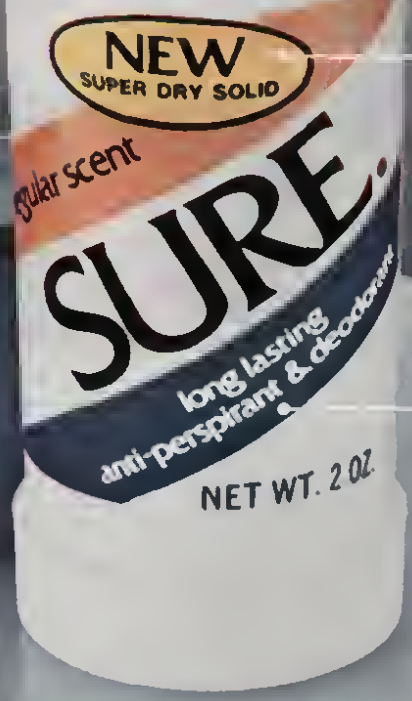


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Smith did not buy that opinion completely but conceded that sometimes jargon can be better than plain talk. As an example, he cited another letter, this one from a man describing George Allen's analysis of a play on a telecast of a Los Angeles Rams game.

"After a Ram play," the man wrote, "there appeared to have been some hesitation on the part of Quarterback Pat Haden. Vin Scully asked George what had happened. This is what I deduced happened from watching the play and listening to Allen's reply. Haden noted the opponents' pass defenders nearest the sidelines were perhaps a few steps closer than normal. This led to the conclusion that possibly one or more very large linebackers were about to abandon their customary defensive areas and blitz in with the avowed purpose of removing young Mr. Haden's head. Therefore, Haden changed the play as arranged in the huddle by calling an audible (different signal) to his teammates. Receiving the ball from the center, Haden ran a few steps out of his customary passing position and threw the ball for a short gain to the receiver so designated."

And this is how George Allen said the same thing. "The corners were in tight. Haden read the dog, audibilized, stepped out of the cup and dumped off to the short man."

"Heck," wrote Smith, "that's not jargon. That's poetry."

SUN DOWNER

Even as the "me" decade of the '70s draws to an end, vanity remains as marketable as ever. Among the newest businesses to spring up around the country are suntan parlors where for a fee a person can stand in a phone-booth-like chamber to get an allover tan from ultraviolet lights.

Using a sunlamp to ward off winter pallor is hardly a new idea, but the tanning centers are. Customers usually come in daily to get their tans before switching to biweekly maintenance visits. On the average, it takes 10 sessions to bronze a body, and though the duration of the visits varies, they generally start out at 30 seconds to three minutes, depending on skin type, and gradually increase to as many as 20 minutes.

According to John Ramuno, who operates Tan-Rite in San Diego, winter and presummer are his busiest seasons, and the package plans, ranging in cost from $39 for 15 visits to $225 for 188, are popular Christmas gifts for the person who has everything but glowing skin. Ramuno says there is a slight health benefit to be gained in the ultraviolet conversion of cholesterol into vitamin D, but basically tanning centers are meant for those who just want to look good.

Unfortunately, there is also the possibility of developing skin cancer. Dr. Joseph Walter, a dermatologist and assistant professor of dermatology at UC-San Diego School of Medicine, is especially concerned about people in skin groups

continued

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one and two, which include redheads and light-skinned, fair-haired people who freckle.

"The entire area is one that should be gone into with great caution," Walter warns. "The incidence of skin cancer has increased drastically since World War II, when people began exposing more of their bodies to the sun for long periods."

Walter says that weekly visits to a suntanning booth are potentially more harmful than once-a-week sunbathing during the summer. "If a person goes once a week for two years, for 10 minutes a session, he will be in the range for skin cancer. The most common types are not fatal, but they cause ugly spotting of the skin, deterioration ... and can lead to more serious problems."

Many doctors agree with Walter, though Ramuno points out that some dermatologists think using sunlamps is good for their patients. Still, he admits that it's *100%* vanity. "The suntan is very mystifying," he says.

DOUBLES VISION

Back in November 1972, John McEnroe, playing with Van Winitsky, won his first national tennis title, the boys' 14-and-under indoor doubles. In the singles competition of the same tournament, McEnroe lost a tough three-set third-round match to Ted Staren of Hinsdale, Ill. Since then, McEnroe has won a few more national championships, including this year's U.S. Open, but Staren hasn't been heard from.

Seven years later, to the day, 13-year-old Patrick McEnroe, whose favorite tennis player is his antic older brother, won the same boys' 14-and-under doubles, with partner Ricky Peck, for his first national championship. Pat also faltered in the singles, losing a tough three-set match to Derrick Rostagno of Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.

There is no telling what will become of Pat and Derrick, but if history is, in fact, repetitive, the name McEnroe will remain prominent in tennis for years to come, and the name Rostagno will be as familiar as, well, Staren.

THEY SAID IT

• Serge Savard, Montreal Canadiens defenseman, after a game against Gordie Howe: "He didn't show me anything new. All of our guys have been playing like 51-year-olds this season." **END**

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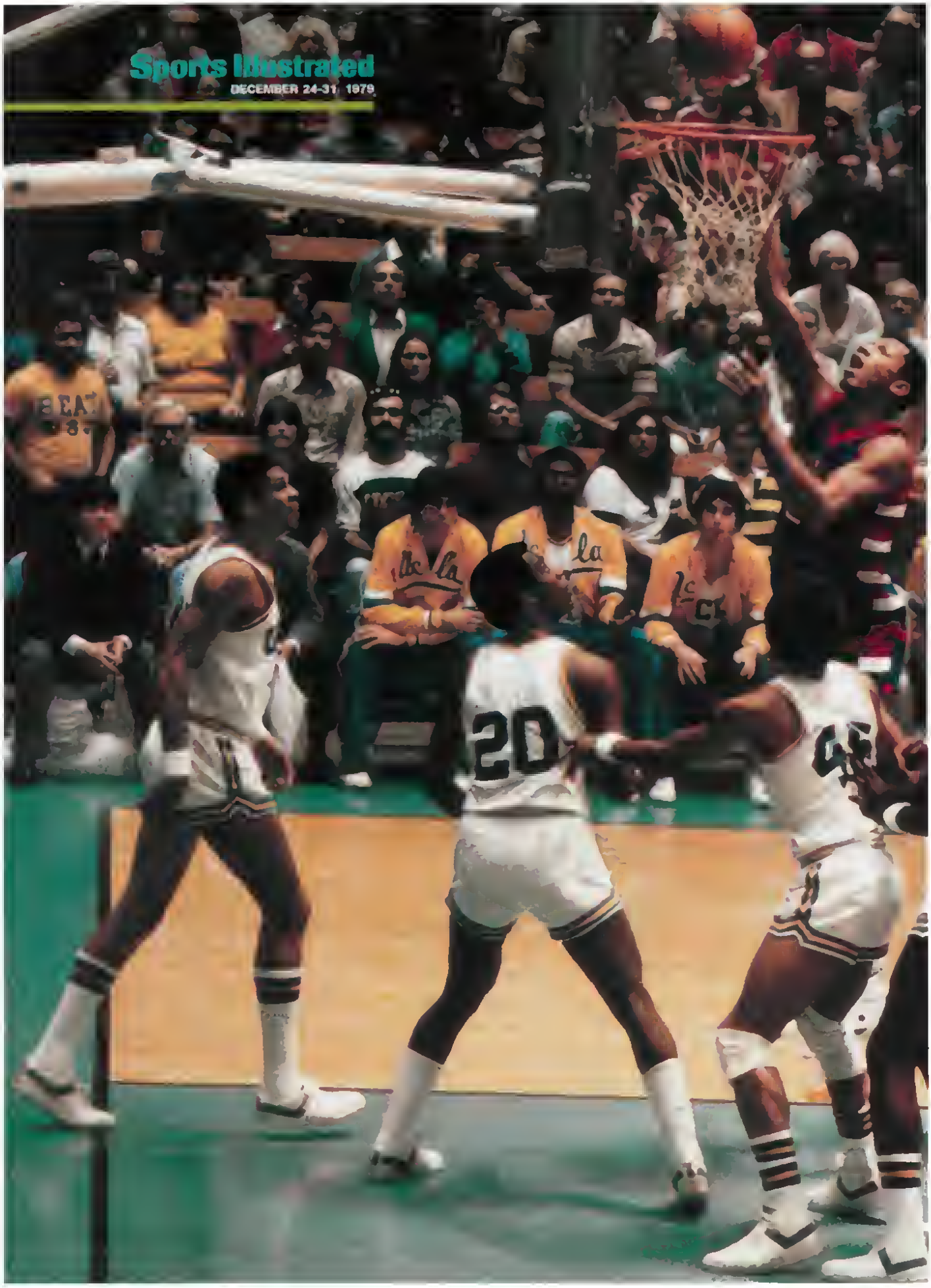
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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 24-31 1979





THE BRUINS ARE IN RUINS

UCLA basketball once was a dynasty of dynasties, but two losses last week showed how far the mighty have fallen **by LARRY KEITH**

As the entire UCLA team gawks and new Coach Larry Brown squawks, Terry Cummings of DePaul lays it in.

CONTINUED

The UCLA that youngsters used to dream about playing for and coaches used to dread playing against died last week. The Bruins lost once, and then they lost again—and suddenly the basketball world knew for sure what it had only suspected: the reign of terror is finally over. Now UCLA is just a team, Pauley Pavilion is just a building and the song girls are just cheerleaders. Gone are the awe, the mystique, the glamour. UCLA, R.I.P.

The first indication of mortality came early last week, when UCLA gave away a game to Notre Dame by the score of 77–74. Conclusive evidence was presented on Saturday afternoon, when the Bruins lost to DePaul 99–94 in a game more one-sided than the margin indicates. Until last week UCLA had not lost two consecutive non-conference games in 14 seasons, or two in a row in any form since 1974. All four of those defeats had come on the road; DePaul beat the Bruins in Pauley, where UCLA had lost only seven times in 228 games since the grand opening in December 1965.

UCLA began last week with a 3–0 record and a No. 7 national ranking. But the victories had come against undistinguished competition, and the ranking was more the result of voting habit than expert appraisal. Under John Wooden, UCLA won 10 national championships from 1964 to 1975. Under Wooden's successors, Gene Bartow and Gary Cunningham, the Bruins won 85.7% of their games, the best percentage in the nation. Now Larry Brown, the fourth coach in five years, has inherited a team that doesn't have enough talent among its veteran players or experience among its young ones to compare with the glory clubs. "We aren't a Top 10 team," says Brown, "and I doubt if we even belong in the Top 20."

The decline wasn't altogether unexpected. When the stylish, 39-year-old Brown took the job last March, J. D. Morgan, the outgoing director of athletics, gave him a bleak status report. "I told Larry he was coming in at a time when UCLA basketball was lower than it had been in many, many years," Morgan said last week. "Since John Wooden retired, we had lacked the continuity of recruiting we had come to expect. I knew this might be a difficult year."

Last week's games proved that UCLA has lost more than just physical superiority. There has been a dramatic psychological deterioration as well. "Pauley Pavilion used to be a lion's den," says Mike Warren, a guard on the national championship teams of 1967 and '68. "Now it's just a place to play. Opponents aren't in awe of UCLA anymore, and the UCLA players don't have the feeling that they're representing something special."

The truth of that assessment was all too evident last week. The Irish, who have now beaten the Bruins in six of their last eight games, no longer bother to celebrate a victory over UCLA by cutting down the nets. And it was two straight over the Bruins for DePaul, Saturday's win being the first for the Blue Demons at Pauley. DePaul lost to UCLA 108–85 last year at Pauley but then beat the Bruins 95–91 in the NCAA West Regional finals in Provo, Utah. "When I played them the first time last year I was scared," said Blue Demon Forward Mark Aguirre. "This time I was excited because I knew we could beat them. It's going to take them a while before they're UCLA again."

The real UCLA, or at least the old monster UCLA, wouldn't have lost either of last week's games. Offensive quickness and defensive aggressiveness enabled the Bruins to lead Notre Dame by six at the half and by seven with 3:41 remaining. Then they tossed the game away in a sorry display of carelessness, inefficiency and atrocious foul shooting. Notre Dame won in the last five seconds when freshman Guard John Paxson sank two free throws, picked up a stray inbounds pass, was fouled and sank two more free throws.

Although UCLA's overall performance against Notre Dame was encouraging, Morgan wisely cautioned, "We do know now we can play with the big boys, but this young team may not be capable of back-to-back inspired performances." He was absolutely correct. After leading DePaul by 10 early, UCLA trailed at the half 52–51. In the second half the Blue Demons built a 13-point lead with 1:43 left to win easily, with Aguirre getting 27 points, 17 rebounds and six assists. The Bruins showed none of the spark and tenacity against DePaul that had taken them so far against Notre Dame. "We played without any emotion," said Forward Kiki Vandeweghe. "We weren't thinking and we weren't hustling."

Salvaging the remainder of UCLA's season may require drastic measures. The only starter who scored in double

Though battered, UCLA could at least applaud the all-round play of Foster, who scored 30 points



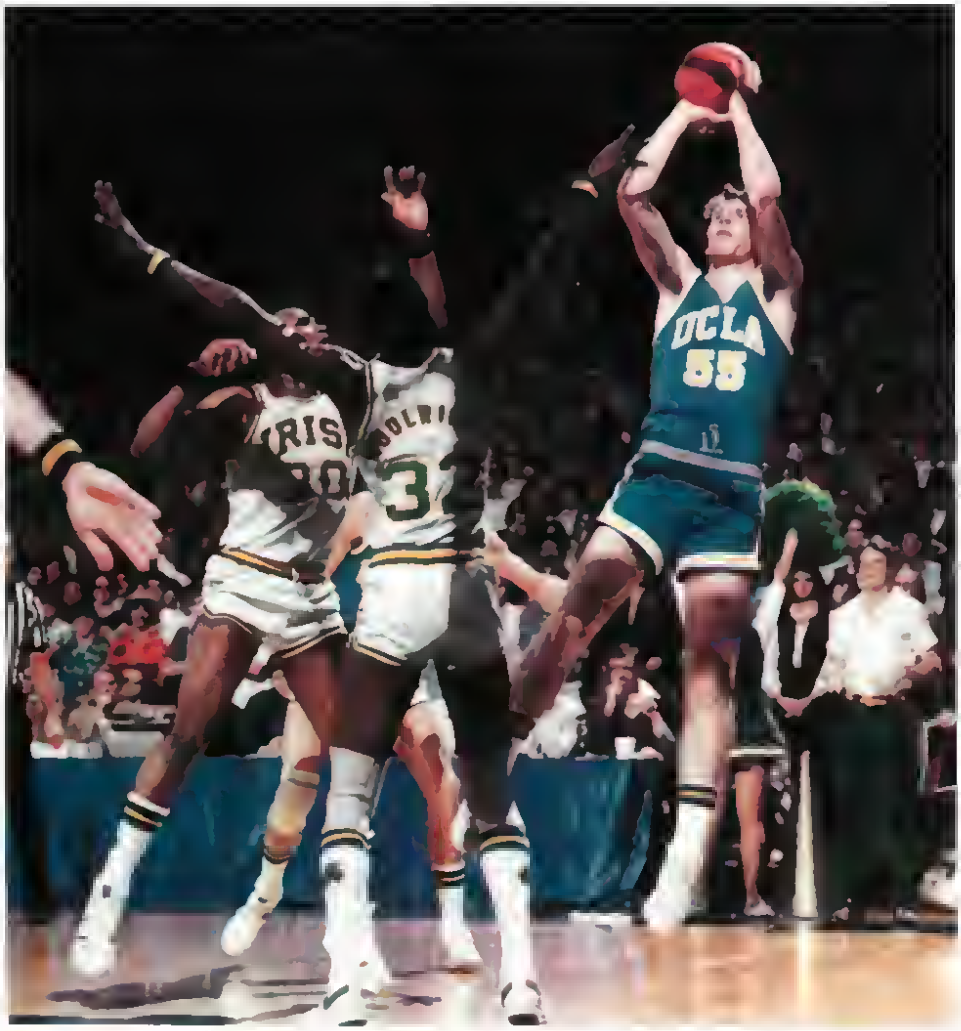
figures in either game last week was Vandeweghe, who had 17 points against Notre Dame and 29 against DePaul. Vandeweghe is easily the team's best player, but he lacks the assertiveness and dominance that a young team needs from a leader. "Let's face it," one college coach said last week, "would you rather go up against Vandeweghe or Marques Johnson?"

Brown said he was considering wholesale lineup changes, with emphasis on more floor time for young players like the quick freshman Guard Rod Foster, who scored 15 points in both games on 14-for-17 shooting. "I've got to get guys in there we can win with and not worry about trying to build character," Brown said. "Except for Vandeweghe, our seniors [Forward James Wilkes and alternating Centers Darrell Allums and Gig Sims] lack confidence and self-esteem. They played supporting roles last year, and they're still playing that way this year."

Brown is under no immediate pressure to produce a champion, but he knows that the understanding and patience of the UCLA fans and Los Angeles media can last only so long. Thus far everyone has been remarkably kind. Morgan feels "warm and good" about Brown's performance to date. Wilkes says UCLA would have been national champion the last few years if Brown had been coach, and Wooden himself wrote Brown a note before the Notre Dame trip, saying it would be nice if Brown could develop some backcourt players like Walt Hazzard, Mike Warren or even Larry Brown, North Carolina 1960-1963, ABA 1968-1972.

UCLA needs more than that, however. A forward like Sidney Wicks and a center like Bill Walton are more like it. At present, Brown believes it will be at least two more years before UCLA will again be a serious challenger for the national title. He thinks he will be given the opportunity to do the job, not because his contract is for three years, but because "the people who support the program probably feel they should take it easy on the new guy since they don't want to lose another coach."

Brown realizes, though, that big success—the national championship or at least making the final four—is the only kind that will satisfy most Bruin fans. Sitting in his office last week, he pointed to four of the 17 conference trophies UCLA has won in the last 18 years. "When I moved in I saw these under a table," he said. "At most schools even one of these is important. I wanted to put them out where people could see them."



Vandeweghe has talent in the UCLA tradition, but he lacks the assertiveness to be a true leader

At UCLA, the conference championship has been an incidental trinket and national prominence a way of life. Now, for the first time in 14 years, the Bruins could lose the Pac-10 title—although their chief competition, Oregon State, showed in losing to Portland that it might not be quite up to plucking the prize.

Ten national championship banners hang overhead in Pauley Pavilion, but the wild fan enthusiasm is absent. Brown may sit where Wooden sat, but he must share a secretary with several other coaches. When Brown resigned as coach of the Denver Nuggets last Feb. 1, he had a five-year, $980,000 contract that was loaded with extras. At UCLA he makes $40,000 a year, has to trade four season tickets for the use of a Cadillac and can afford a home close to campus only because a group of UCLA boosters agreed to buy it and lease it back to him with the understanding he could buy it next year.

But Brown came to UCLA for love, not money. Even though he won five division championships in six seasons as an ABA and NBA coach, he resigned after a frustrating 28-25 start in 1978-79. "When I left I was crushed," he says. "I didn't feel good about myself. I knew I wanted to get back into coaching, but I was scared to death to go back to being a professional coach. I didn't like what I saw happening to the pro game—the long season and the 24-second clock. Now when I'm on the court teaching, I feel like I've got the greatest job in the world. I can say anything, and the players don't question my motives. They want to get better and they respect my intent."

They had better. Because this year, more than ever before, the UCLA players are going to need all the coaching they can get. END



Anderson tougher to bring down than Payton

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PAUL

Weighing traditional All-Pro lists and finding them wanting, the author proclaims his own picks for 1979

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

It would be nice to report that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's first All-Pro team was selected by a Foundation, Panel, Board, Association or Consensus, but, in truth, it's a one-man choice. All we can say is that we take our team just as seriously as other people do theirs, and we've seen each team at least three times, in the flesh or on the tube. A Betamax and access to network studios helped. When an absolute deadlock arose, we sought advice from assistant coaches and pro personnel directors.

Fourteen of our 24 All-Pros have never played in the Pro Bowl. Eight others have been there only once. You will find some names you don't recognize.

We have tried to right some wrongs. Jon Kolb of the Steelers, for instance, has never been picked for the Pro Bowl in his 10 years. He is one of our tackles. This is not an honor given for long and meritorious service, but in recognition for performance in the 1979 season.

Accusations we will have to answer:

How can you pick two guys from the Jets, Chiefs and Cardinals and no one from the Dolphins? (Well, we had Bob Kuechenberg, Bob Baumhower and Tim Foley up high but they got nosed out.)

San Diego has a sensational offense, but there isn't a single Charger on your offensive unit. How come? (Well, a lot of second- and third- and fourth-bests at their positions will do it for you.)

Where's Harvey Martin? (In Dallas.) Where are Jack Youngblood and Jack Lambert? (Probably at practice.)

You gotta be crazy not to pick Dan Fouts. Keith Krepfle over Russ Francis and Dave Casper? You gotta be kidding. How could you leave Walter Payton off? And Kenny Houston? (Hey, it's not easy. But like we said, it's our own team, so address any complaints to the author.)



Sipe an unsung pro, he did more with less

OFFENSE

Wide Receivers—Steve Largent of Seattle and Ahmad Rashad of Minnesota. The runners-up were Harold Carmichael of the Eagles, John Stallworth of the Steelers, Wallace Francis of the Falcons and John Jefferson of the Chargers. We considered: how much each man meant to his offense (and on this basis Carmichael almost made it); where most of the double coverage went; how much help each guy got from the rest of his team's offense (in Rashad's case, not much); and how important the pass game was to his team.

Tackles—Jon Kolb of Pittsburgh and Marvin Powell of the Jets. Stan Walters of the Eagles and Bob Kuechenberg followed close behind. It's incredible that Kolb has never made a Pro Bowl because for a decade he has stuffed the best defensive ends. Powell was a tough choice. I mean, how can you pick a guy who says his idol is William F. Buckley?

Guards—Bob Young of the Cardinals and Herbert Scott of the Cowboys. Bob Pratt of the Colts was a close third. For years Young was a pillar on an offensive line on which Dan Dierdorf and Conrad Dobler got all the ink. Last year, his 13th, they finally gave Young a Pro Bowl spot. Scott is the only Cowboy offensive lineman who goes after people. Basically, Dallas has a finesse unit—misdirection, influence-blocking, etc. Scott's had only one holding penalty in two seasons.

Center—Mike Webster of the Steelers is the clear stickout. He can handle the tough nose guards.

Tight End—Keith Krepfle of the Eagles, and to the countless people who told us he can't go deep, we offer his 18.5 yards-per-catch average, best of any tight end. Russ Francis played hurt a lot. Dave Casper got off slowly. Insiders love Jimmie Giles of the Bucs, the Saints' Henry Childs and Ozzie Newsome of the



Kolb after years in the pits, a place in the sun

Browns. Krepfle is one of the toughest third-down receivers in football.

Quarterback—Brian Sipe of the Browns, and now the fun starts. Granted, Fouts had a terrific year, and Terry Bradshaw is one hellacious competitor who has played with more injuries than Evel Knievel. On the NFL rating chart, Sipe doesn't rank in the top 10, but the chart doesn't record the wind whipping off Lake Erie; it doesn't tell you how many games a guy has saved with his arm, or what he's got to work with. Sipe went in undermanned; he didn't have the great receivers Fouts did; and he faced more teams in the NFL's top half defensively (seven) than Fouts did (four).

Running Backs—Earl Campbell of the Oilers was automatic. In an agonizing decision, we gave the second spot to the Cards' sensational rookie, Ottis Anderson, over Walter Payton. Payton played hurt most of the time, and the Bears had no passing attack to take the heat off. Payton had an amazing year, but the people who had to prepare for both of them said Anderson presented more problems.

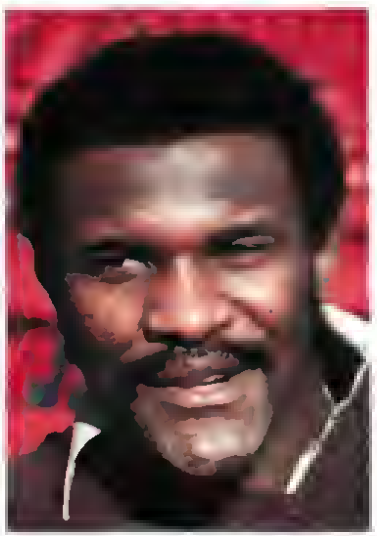
DEFENSE

Ends—Lee Roy Selmon of the Bucs is the best. Plays the run, plays the pass. Art Still of the Chiefs also gives it the two-way shot, and he pursues across the field. Jack Youngblood and the Lions' Bubba Baker are pass-rush specialists, and if I had to pick one man to rush the passer on a crucial third-and-eight I'd take Harvey Martin. But you've still got to play the run, too.

Tackles—In the three games Randy White was hurt, the Cowboys gave up 31, 34 and 30 points. You start every game plan by assigning two men to handle White. The Chargers' gigantic Wilbur Young moved inside for the injured Louie Kelcher and found a home. He became a freewheeling, offense-shattering tackle in the best Leo Nomellini tradition.



Selmon: stops the run, overwhelms the passer



Carson: in adversity he remained enthusiastic

Outside Linebackers—Jack Ham of the Steelers and Greg Buttle of the Jets. You tend to lose track of Ham in games because few people bother to test him anymore. Buttle, playing with very little help, has become a dominating force. An overachiever.

Middle Linebacker—None makes as many big plays as the Giants' Harry Carson does. It was hard not to go with the Patriots' Steve Nelson, but Carson is a little more active. Jack Lambert has tougher pass-coverage responsibilities than any of them, but he gets a lot of help against the run. An emotional choice would have been the Browns' Dick Ambrose.

Cornerbacks—Denver's Louie Wright was automatic. Oakland's Lester Hayes gets it at the other spot over the Patriots' three-time All-Pro Mike Haynes. When in doubt, go with the guy who's never made anything, especially if he plays the tight coverage as tough as Hayes does. Washington's Lemar Parrish is great on the deep stuff, only so-so against the run.



Fritsch: he's the Bigfoot in Houston football

Strong Safety—Houston's free agent from the Canadian League, Vernon Perry. He's made the difference in the Oilers' defense. Gets single coverage against all tight ends.

Free Safety—None of them is as active or as effective as the Browns' Thom Darden. Houston's Mike Reinfeldt will get many votes because of his 12 pass interceptions, but his responsibilities aren't nearly as demanding as Darden's.

SPECIALISTS

Kicker—Houston's Toni Fritsch. We narrowed it down to four—Fritsch, Seattle's Efren Herrera, San Francisco's Ray Wersching and Philadelphia's Tony Franklin—checked out field positions, percentages and distance (Franklin is the top long-range threat) and then settled on Fritsch on the basis of number of games won with his foot (four).

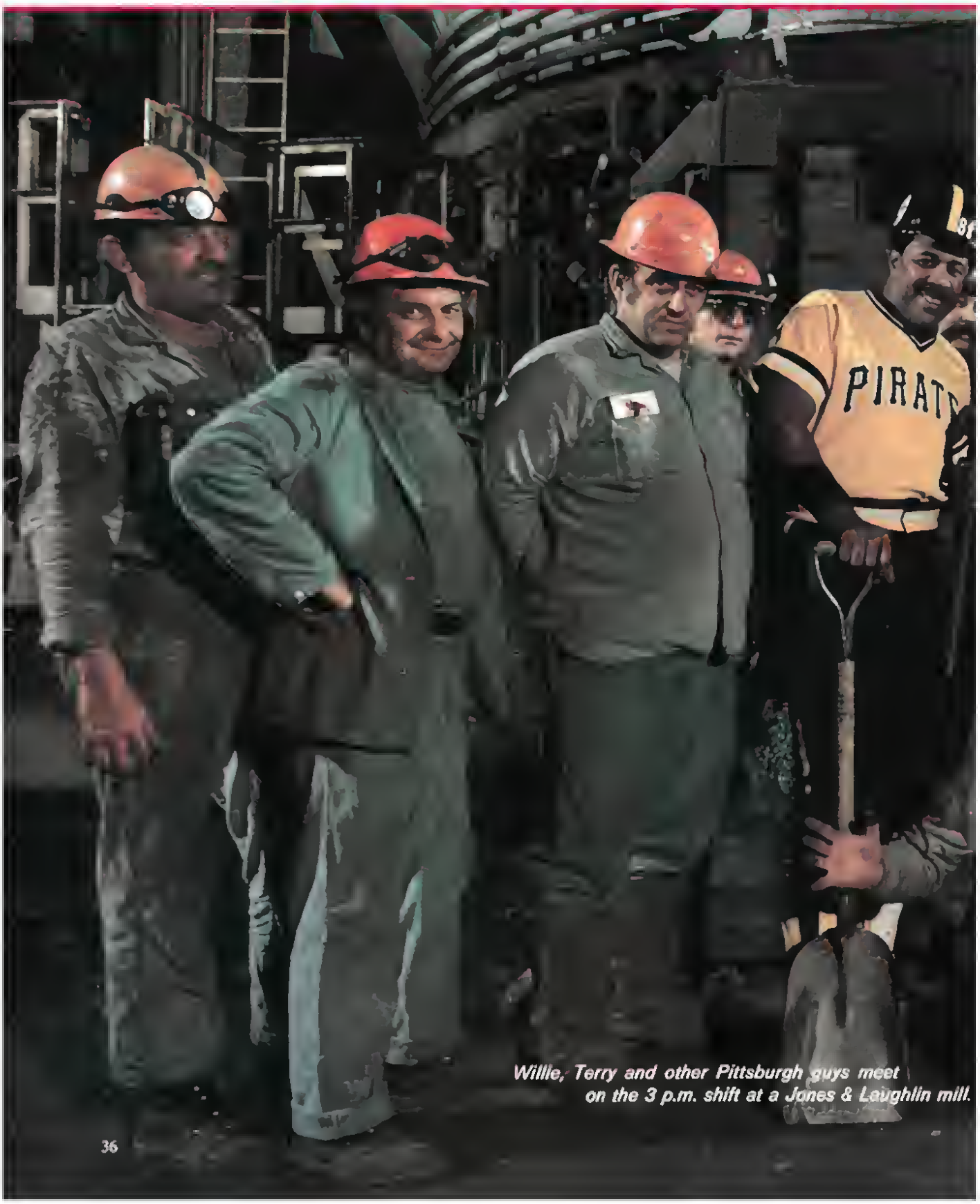
Punter—The Chiefs' Bob Grupp, a rookie, over the Giants' Dave Jennings by a nose. Grupp led in average, also in the statistic that counts—net yardage, which subtracts returns and touchbacks.

HONORS

Rookie of the Year—Ottis Anderson of the Cardinals.

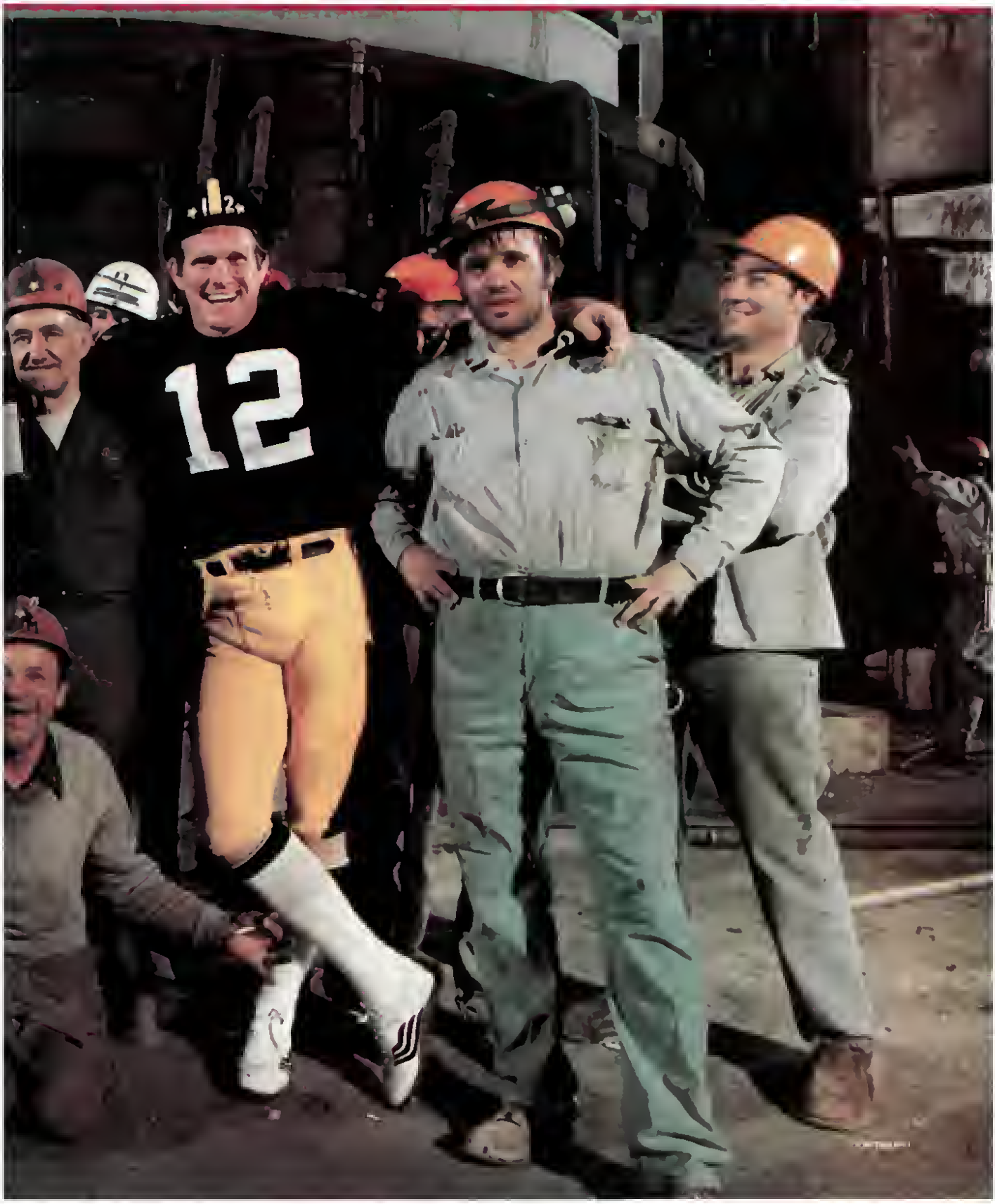
Coach of the Year—Jack Pardee of the Redskins. He tore down a team, patched it back together and kept it in contention for 16 weeks. **END**

TWO CHAMPS FROM



Willie, Terry and other Pittsburgh guys meet on the 3 p.m. shift at a Jones & Laughlin mill.

THE CITY OF CHAMPIONS



In these seasons of Pittsburgh's conspicuous content, that once "intolerably bleak" city hails Terry Bradshaw and Willie Stargell as singular heroes, as do we



Bradshaw's arm and heart made the town forget eons of Steeler futility

by RON FIMRITE

They don't seem much like Pittsburgh guys. One, Terry Bradshaw, is a Southerner, a Bible Belt country boy who came on so naive that at first he was written off around town as a dummy. The other, Willie Stargell, is a Californian, a black man from the housing projects of the San Francisco Bay Area whose gentle manner and it's-only-a-game philosophy scarcely hold to the standards of a mill town that rates toughness as the prime virtue. And yet each, in his separate and distinct way, exemplifies the yearning spirit of this brawling, sentimental and tough but friendly place.

Bradshaw, for all of his other, now properly renowned skills, is as rugged as anyone who has played in the NFL, a gritty competitor who will boost his bruised body off the turf and bounce back into the melee. Pittsburgh likes that kind of guy. Stargell is a large and powerful man whose apparent nonchalance conceals a fierce inner drive that surfaces dramatically in crises. By the sheer strength of his personality he transformed a baseball team into something of a family—or as the Sister Sledge singing group would have it, "fam-a-lee." And, contrary to the nomadic nature of so many professional athletes, he has made the town where he plays his home. Pittsburgh likes that kind of guy.

But what Pittsburgh likes most about both of these guys is that they are champions, most valuable players in their respective sports. And largely because of them, bumper stickers and billboards all over town now boast that Pittsburgh is "The City of Champions." So it is. Not since New York's Mets and Jets won world titles a decade ago has one city had World Series and Super Bowl winners in the same year. And in this decade, the Steelers have won three pro football championships and the Pirates two baseball titles. For good measure, the University of Pittsburgh was voted No. 1 in college football in 1976, while

this year's team won the Lambert Trophy as the best in the East and was invited to play in the Fiesta Bowl. The City of Champions, indeed.

Pittsburgh is no longer the Smoky City, but seen from atop Mount Washington, the cliff on the south bank of the Monongahela just across from the city's revitalized business center, Pittsburgh's dark downtown skyscrapers seem to advance like admonishing shades through the mist and gloom of a late fall afternoon. It is as if the smoke that once billowed up from the mills along the three rivers—the Allegheny, the Monongahela and the Ohio—had left the city, somewhat like London, forever enclouded in the mind's eye. But this is only an illusion created by rain and darkness. Pittsburgh literally hosed itself off after World War II and ceased belching pollution. Still, it may take another generation or so for the city to free itself completely from an image that endured too long. Pittsburgh, wrote James Parton in 1868, is "hell with the lid taken off," a telling allusion, oft-repeated. Anthony Trollope recalled the city as "the blackest place I ever saw." H. L. Mencken, not to be outdone by his vituperative predecessors, saw the ashen skyscape as "a scene so dreadfully hideous, so intolerably bleak and forlorn that it reduced the whole aspiration of man to a macabre and depressing joke."

"In the old days the lights never went out," recalls Art Rooney, the Steelers' venerated owner, who has lived in Pittsburgh for all of his 78 years. "We'd leave for school in the morning with clean clothes and get there covered with soot."

"When I was a kid," says Myron Cope, the immensely popular Pittsburgh writer and broadcaster, who is 50, "the buildings were so black with soot you didn't know that wasn't their natural color. When the sandblasting started, they turned out to be all sorts of colors—white, gray, beige. All along we thought they were just black."

continued



Stargell's bat and fatherly presence keyed the Pirates' Series comeback

The dreary past has left Pittsburghers unnecessarily on their guard. Visitors to this year's World Series were frequently taken aback by the defensive posture adopted by residents toward a city the outsiders correctly perceived to be thoroughly attractive, with fine vistas from the hills and bridges, good restaurants and bars and a spiffed-up downtown that has a name of its own, the Golden Triangle. But Pittsburghers, anticipating familiar digs, were inclined either to defend themselves precipitously or to beat would-be detractors to the punch: "How d'ya like the Burgh? Kinda dull, ain't it?" Mayor Richard Caliguiri was so gratified by television's generous coverage of his city during the Series that he was impelled to write Howard Cosell a letter of thanks: "Your laudatory words about Pittsburgh during the Series and the beautiful aerial views of our Point State Park and Golden Triangle were much appreciated by me and the people of the Pittsburgh area. We have worked very hard in recent years to erase the smog and 'smoky city' image of Pittsburgh and portray it as it is—a city of clean air, ethnic charm and scenic beauty."

Modern Pittsburgh is as much a corporate-management center as a blue-collar town. Sixteen companies from the *Fortune* 500 have their headquarters there, including U.S. Steel, Gulf Oil, Westinghouse Electric Corp., Rockwell International and Alcoa. Only New York and Chicago among American cities are host to more big businesses, and Pittsburgh's population of 520,117 is about one-fifteenth of the Big Apple's. "It's a compact town," says Rooney, who has lived in the same house for 50 years and can walk to work. "It's a very friendly town." Adds Cope, "The vast majority of outsiders come here expecting to dread it. They come away loving it."

Stephen Foster was a Pittsburgher, and so were Gertrude Stein, George S. Kaufman and William Powell. Erroll Garner, Billy Eckstine and Martha Graham hailed from there, and so did Harry K. Thaw, the man who murdered the architect Stanford White. Thaw was once Art Rooney's neighbor. KOKA, the nation's first commercial radio station, started broadcasting in Pittsburgh.

The city has a puckish sense of humor, thus the popularity of such sports oddments as The Terrible Towel, Gerela's Gorillas and Franco's Italian Army. It has its own language—people do not, for example, "hang out," they "loaf," and the simple "you" becomes, in Pittsburghese, "you-uns." You can tell what part of town a person comes from by how he stresses "side," as in North *Side*. It is a town where the disco tune *We Are Family*—"get up everybody and sing"—can become the anthem for its baseball team. It is a place so intimate that traffic cops and talk show *callers* can become overnight celebrities.

Pittsburghers like to call their city a "big small town," with all that implies. "You know everybody," says one of its best-known citizens, the former light-heavyweight champion and not-quite heavyweight champion, Billy Conn, trim



Terry salutes a touchdown by Harris (left) against Dallas.



Willie ambles in after hitting his Series-winning home run

and still handsome at 62. "If you do something wrong, everybody knows it. If you do something right, nobody does. I grew up here. The guys I loaf with are here. This is a town you can't wait to leave and you can't wait to get back to. I'm still here."

So is another legendary Pittsburgh fighter, Fritzie Zivic, the former welterweight champ, who only recently retired as a boilermaker. Pittsburgh has a deserved reputation as a great fight town, and not merely because of the teeming altercations that erupt with such regularity in its saloons. In a seven-year span (1934-41) Pittsburgh fighters won three world and American championships—Teddy Yarosz, U.S. middleweight; Zivic, world welterweight, and Conn, world light-heavyweight. And for 12 rounds on the unforgettable night of June 18, 1941, at the Polo Grounds, Conn, weighing, he says, only 169½ pounds, was winning the heavyweight championship from Joe Louis. Then, in the 13th, he gambled on a knockout and was, of course, himself knocked out by the Brown Bomber. His gallant effort gave Conn, the Pittsburgh Kid, a measure of immortality, even outside his hometown. Still, the city's most acclaimed fighter was the remarkable middleweight and light-heavyweight champ of the '20s, Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh Windmill, the only man to defeat Gene Tunney in a professional fight. Greb is yet revered, but an Irish street fighter of a few years back named Joey Diven can become as much of a legend. "Remember the night Joey took on the Pitt football team. . . ."

For many seasons the Steelers themselves enjoyed a richer reputation as brawlers than football players. They could beat you up, but they couldn't beat you. When Bradshaw joined them as a rookie out of Louisiana Tech in 1970, the team had just completed a plainly disastrous 1–13 season. After 37 years in the league the Steelers had not won a single championship, a record of futility not even the Pirates, who once went 33 years between pennants, could equal. The first player selected in the 1970 draft, Bradshaw achieved fame of a sort before he had played a game in the NFL. It was duly reported in the national press that he had set an interscholastic record in the javelin at Shreveport's Woodlawn High and that he had passed for more than 7,000 yards in college. The pro scouting reports made him seem a paragon: a 6′ 3″ 218-pounder strong enough to shake off linemen and quick enough to scramble for touchdowns. More to the point, it was said he could whistle 80-yard spirals. Even his hard-bitten teammates began to see him as a messiah. Initially he proved to be something less.

Bradshaw completed a sorry 38.1% of his 218 passes for 1,410 yards as a rookie. He threw for only six touchdowns and led the league with 24 interceptions. His small-college background had ill-prepared him for reading complicated NFL defenses, so he seemed bewildered much of the time on the field. This, coupled with his country ways, caused fans and some sportswriters to dismiss him as something of a numskull. He suffered further from the presence on the team of Terry Hanratty, an All-America quarterback from Notre Dame, who had been a high school star in western Pennsylvania. Hanratty enjoyed the distinct advantage of being a Pittsburgh guy. Hanratty loafed in the bars and restaurants. He shot the breeze with familiar people. Bradshaw spent his time in church.

"I cannot say that I have always had a special feeling for this place," said Bradshaw recently, relaxing after practice with a large stogie. "At first I didn't understand the people. My bad attitude toward the city was a direct reflection of the bad years I was having on the football field. I've grown up now. I've grown to love this place. I live downtown during the season. I shop there, go to the movies. When I leave Shreveport now, I say I'm going 'home.' "

But home is really the 400-acre ranch he owns in northern Louisiana. He does live in the Golden Triangle during the season, in a penthouse with a view of Three Rivers Stadium, scene of early humiliations, site of current triumphs. He and his wife, Jo Jo Starbuck, the professional ice skater, are scarcely night owls, both being devout born-again Christians, but he is much less reclusive than before. He drives the short distance across the river to the stadium in his Ford Bronco, the mournful melodies of Larry Gatlin—"I've done enough dying today"—issuing from his tape deck. "I drive so slowly," Bradshaw says, chuckling, "that I guess people get mad at me. But that drive is my meditation, my ritual."

Bradshaw realizes that his present popularity with fans who once detested him is ephemeral, that a bad season or two would restore him to disfavor, but neither he nor they contemplate such a profound reversal of form. Bradshaw survived some early setbacks, including a divorce from his first wife and a momentary backslide from his Christian upbringing—"I was a jerk"—to emerge as the NFL's premier quarterback, leading the Steelers to successive Super Bowl wins in 1975 and '76. In the '76 game, Super Bowl X in NFL chronology, he showed his brains and his guts to good effect on a single play, a game-winning 64-yard pass to Lynn Swann, thrown against a well-read safety blitz. Bradshaw hit Swann where the blitzing Dallas safety, Cliff Harris, wasn't, but Harris, in turn, hit Bradshaw the instant he released the ball, knocking him cold. Bradshaw suffered a concussion, but he got up—to resounding cheers. There was no question of his being accepted after that.

He was the NFL Player of the Year in 1978, passing for 2,915 yards and 28 touchdowns, and in the 1979 Super Bowl he was elected the Most Valuable Player after he threw for a record-breaking 318 yards and four touchdowns, one a 75-yarder to John Stallworth. By beating Dallas 35–31 he became the first quarterback in league history to win three Super Bowls. Already holder of Pittsburgh career passing records in five categories, this fall he became the first Steeler quarterback to pass for more than 3,000 yards in a season. Three times this year he threw for more than 300 yards in a game, and he had 26 touchdown passes in leading the Steelers to a 12–4 record and the championship of the rugged AFC Central. And as his coach, Chuck Noll, has said, anyone who still considers Bradshaw dumb should examine his own reflection. Noll, once a messenger guard for Paul Brown at Cleveland, allows Bradshaw to call his own plays, and

continued

three world titles would seem convincing testimony to his quarterback's perspicacity.

Rooney, who once complained that so many good quarterbacks seemed to pass right on through the Steeler organization—John Unitas, Earl Morrall, Bill Nelsen, Jack Kemp—exults in the stability Bradshaw has given the team. "He's a great athlete, a classy guy," says the man they call the Chief. A Steeler could ask for no greater accolade.

Pittsburghers would still prefer a more visible Bradshaw, a guy who would loaf a bit in Market Square. But his need for privacy is generally understood. "He took a beating from the fans early," says Cope, whose radio talk show is a barometer of Pittsburgh opinion. "He got worked over so badly he became a kind of recluse for a while. He wasn't a mill worker's guy, a Pittsburgh guy. He was a rancher, for God's sake. But they [the fans] love him because he's a winner and—this is very important—because he's a tough guy. You hurt him and he's back."

And Bradshaw now understands his audience. "The Steelers are the best example of what the city's personality is," he says. "This is a blue-collar, shot-and-beer town. The fans get up for big games. They're like us. They're good, honest working people who come out to be entertained. They lead a tough life, and they like a team with a tough defense because that's where character shows. We have it. We play tough and we play hard. We've got guys with names like Dirt Winston, Mad Dog White and Fangs Lambert. Pittsburgh names. And I tell you, it gets cold up there for our fans those last few games. That gets them all wound up, and they get us all wound up. I don't know how much they identify with me, but I do think at last they've accepted me. Anyway, they're stuck with me." Happily so.

If the Steelers held their fans, even in their losing years, the Pirates have had trouble attracting theirs, even in winning years. It has been variously advanced that Pittsburgh is a football town, that older baseball fans have never forgiven the Pirates for moving from Forbes Field to what is essentially a football stadium and, more prevalently, that there are too many black players on the team—15 blacks and Hispanics on a 25-man roster in '79. This last seems a curious theory, because nearly 20% of Pittsburgh's population is black. Roberto Clemente was a black Latin, and Lord knows he was popular. And the man who may be the most beloved player in the modern history of the franchise is also black—Wilver Dornel Stargell.

Whatever the cause for past neglect, Stargell, the 38-year-old Pops of the Pirate family, did more than anyone this season to give his team a new and appealing mystique. It was Stargell who continually reminded the fans that the Pirates were something special, a collection of individuals from disparate backgrounds and cultures who worked together out of respect and even love for one another. And like a benevolent school master, he passed out gold stars to Pirates who performed above and beyond the call. The stars became badges of honor. The Pirates, he argued, were what the United Nations was intended to be. It worked. The fans believed. And winning did not hurt. This season's attendance of 1,435,454 was nearly 500,000 more than last year's and the highest since the last time the Pirates won the pennant, in 1971.

Detractors appeared along the way, of course, but Pirate unity was never broken, and when the team came from a one-game-to-three deficit in the World Series to win it all, there was Stargell, celebratory wine in hand, tearfully embracing on the stage of the press-interview room a member of his own family, his half-sister, Sandrus. Cynics be damned, Stargell was real. Not just Stargell the star, who set a Series record for extra-base hits (seven) and tied the one for total bases (25) and whose last-game two-run homer was the Series-winning hit, but Stargell the person. "He gives a lot of himself to other people and thinks very little of himself," sister Sandrus would say later. "I'd be just as proud of him if he were a steelworker." No one is perfect, Stargell himself would be the first to agree. But this man is genuine.

Somehow he did not look real arrayed in cowboy hat and boots and $9,600 black mink coat while speaking last month to guests of Gordon's Gin at a fund-raising luncheon in Des Plaines, Ill. for the cause he has so fervently embraced, the search for a cure for sickle cell anemia, the blood disease that affects blacks mostly but can afflict persons of Mediterranean heritage as well. The Willie Stargell Foundation, located over a store in the Squirrel Hill area, is a major contributor to such research efforts, and this year Stargell devoted a month of his ordinarily free time touring 13 cities under the sponsorship of Gordon's. The two oldest of Stargell's three daughters have sickle cell trait, which means that though they do not have the disease, they can communicate it to their offspring if the fathers also carry the trait. And a good friend of Stargell's died of the disease a few years ago.

His luncheon talk was relatively brief and refreshingly free of excessive sentiment. Any contributions, he told the gin salesmen, would be used to find a way of "eradicating a form of human suffering, of helping to eliminate something that is dreadful to other human beings." He acknowledged a standing ovation with a wave and a quiet smile and then cheerfully agreed to talk baseball to the businessmen, who swarmed around his gigantic black-coated presence like pilot fish. "I've been in the public-relations business a long time," said Herb Landon, representing Gordon's, "but this man has shown me a whole new world."

Stargell decided to live permanently in Pittsburgh some 10 years ago, because, he says, "I like the warmth of the place." "My brother has been here so long that everyone thinks he's from here," says Sandrus, who herself moved east from Oakland in 1978 to help him in his work with the foundation. "No, no, I tell them, we're Californians."

Stargell was, in fact, born in Oklahoma, and he lived for a time with an aunt in Florida, but he was reared in Oakland and Alameda, the "East Bay." It is an area that has produced a veritable Hall of Fame of black major-leaguers—Frank Robinson, Vada Pinson, Curt Flood, Joe Morgan and,

continued


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more recently, Ruppert Jones, not to mention basketball's Bill Russell.

Stargell's mother, Gladys, and stepfather, Percy Russell, both worked, so Willie did turns as housekeeper, cook and baby-sitter for Sandrus, 10 years his junior. It was a close family, bulwarked by the strong-willed mother. There was some money, but for much of Stargell's childhood the family lived in a government housing project in Alameda. "Wilver was always Mr. Good Guy," says his mother, who lives now in Oakland. "He was such a soft touch he'd give his lunch money away. And he was a better housekeeper than his sister. He had such a drive to succeed."

"I'd walk along hitting rocks with a stick," Stargell recalls, "and people would come up and ask me why I was doing it. I'd say that someday I was going to be hitting a ball with a bat in a big stadium somewhere. They'd laugh and say, 'Man, you're in the projects. Forget it.' "

Stargell did not forget it, although he was not the biggest star on the Encinal high team. That was Tommy Harper, later an outfielder with Cincinnati and six other major league teams. "He was all-everything in every sport," says Stargell. "I could hit, but I was unpolished."

He also suffered from the bad knees that would require surgery in the mid-1960s. And at Santa Rosa Junior College he fractured a pelvic bone when his spikes caught in the grass while he was practicing sliding. Doctors advised him to give up all competitive athletics. Another break could cripple him for life, he was told.

"That was in 1958," says Stargell. "That year I signed with the Pirates. You know, I haven't thought about that injury in years. Wouldn't it be something, wouldn't it be a story if I had to quit after all these years over something that happened 20 years ago."

Stargell has rarely played free of pain since, but his phenomenal resourcefulness has sustained him. In 1977 he began the season with an inner-ear ailment and ended it prematurely, in July, after playing in only 63 games, with a pinched nerve in his left elbow, an injury suffered while breaking up a fight on the field. The next year he hit 28 homers and drove in 97 runs to win the National League's Comeback Player of the Year award. True to his nature, it was an affliction suffered by someone close to him that most affected his performance on the field. In late May of 1976 his wife, Dolores, collapsed at home, complaining of a pain in her head. Stargell rushed her to the hospital, where she underwent immediate surgery for both a blood clot and an aneurism in her brain. He shudders at the memory, saying, "If the team had been on the road, she'd be dead." Dolores recovered, but the anxiety Stargell experienced caused him to lose his impenetrable concentration. He finished the season hitting only .257 with 20 homers.

Stargell holds Pirate career records for homers (461) and runs batted in (1,476). His totals would be even higher had he not played his first 7½ seasons in Forbes Field, with its 400-foot-plus power alleys. In the 61½-year history of that capacious park, only 18 home runs were hit onto its rightfield roof or over it into Panther Hollow. Stargell hit seven of them. He is the only man to hit a ball completely out of Dodger Stadium, a feat he has accomplished twice. He has hit four home runs into the third-tier yellow seats at Three Rivers, the only batter to reach that level in rightfield. Supposedly on the wane in 1979, he had 32 homers and drove in 82 runs. In the Championship Series with Cincinnati, he hit .455 with two homers and six RBIs and was named the playoff's MVP. He had 12 hits in the World Series, seven for extra bases, including three more homers, and was again named the Most Valuable Player. To complete the sweep—almost—he was elected co-MVP of the National League with the Cardinals' Keith Hernandez, an honor bestowed as much for his leadership as for his slugging. "He's our stabilizer," his teammate, the illustrious Dave Parker, has said. "And for me, my baseball father."

Stargell's windmill practice swings have become a part of Pittsburgh lore. And so has his enthusiasm for the game and for his teammates. He speaks of them as if they were eccentric relatives: "We got Pancho Villa out there. That's [Enrique] Romo. And [Phil] Garner and Parker. My, the way they go at each other. But you better not talk about either of them to the other. I tell you, a visitor to our clubhouse might be inclined to call the police. You hear music from the hills of West Virginia or, maybe, Panama, rhythm and blues, oldies but goodies, Sister Sledge, naturally. We've got $6,000 worth of stereo equipment. We have the finest hitting coach in baseball—Bob Skinner. And all our pitchers respect Harvey Haddix. [Coach] Al Monchak is Sarge to the infielders. The outfielders pay him no attention. We got everything going in our clubhouse. We win together, lose together. We got the best cardplayer in the world—Grant Jackson. You *cannot* play casino with that man. Then we got Jim Bibby. His hands are too big for baseball. Jim Rooker, he'll walk in the clubhouse with wild meat dishes. That's probably why we win—we eat so good. Bert Blyleven. He's his crazy self. I'll go out to talk to him during a game and he'll say, 'Get off my damn mound!' *His* damn mound! Parker, he should have been a comedian, really. We got neighborhoods right in our dugout—the ghetto, where I sit; Park Avenue; Spanish Harlem; and then there's just the low-rent district. Kent Tekulve sits there."

Stargell pauses, laughing at the wonder of so many beloved characters being in one place. "You know, if you respect this game and do what you're supposed to do, it's very rewarding. But if you take it for granted, it will embarrass you. You have to respect whatever you do. Give it up? Sure, I'll have to and I'll know when the time comes." He smiles. "But no one can take away the memories."

Bradshaw was asked, too, about retirement. "I like to think that when I retire, I'll say to myself, 'Gosh, if I could just have one more year, I know I'll get better.' "

Bradshaw and Stargell. Two extraordinary athletes. Proud men with a sense of dignity about their special occupations. Durable and courageous, enthusiastic always. Leaders, above all else. Sportsmen of the Year. And, the final tribute, Pittsburgh guys. **END**

HORSING AROUND ON ICE

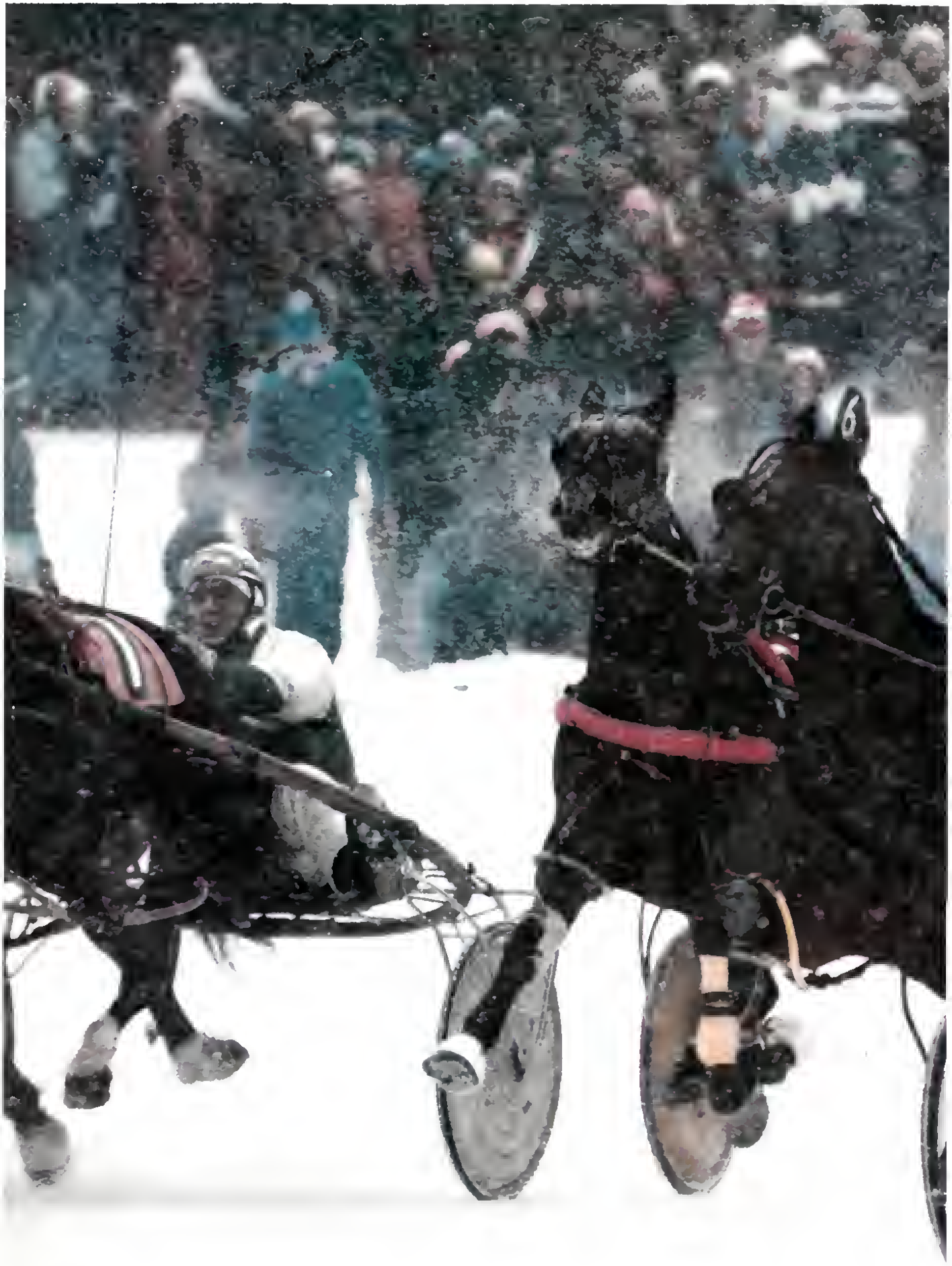
Canadians do not curse their cruel winter; they choose instead to celebrate it with festivals like Winterlude in Ottawa, when the snowy capital becomes a gallery of ice sculptures and a symphony of clinking glasses and steel blades scraping on ice. The air is redolent of bean soup and all cheeks are rosy. Best of all, there is now a glorious return to simpler yesterdays: harness racing on the frozen Rideau Canal.















Last February, when harness horses raced for a quarter of a mile over the ice on Ottawa's Rideau Canal in the climactic event of the city's Winterlude celebration, the snow swirled, the temperature dropped below zero, the band played *The Sound of Music*, and it was 1900 all over again. It felt good.

The justification for the races is having fun—there is no organized betting, for example. But fun, of course, is reason enough.

Until the 1920s, ice racing was hugely popular in Canada, but except for Winterlude, it survives only on a small scale in the Maritime provinces. Time was when the fastest way to travel from Toronto to Montreal was by sletgh over frozen water—376 miles in 36 hours with 24 changes of horses. In those days, men would challenge one another to races on the Rideau on the way home from church—racing on the way *to* church was considered unseemly—the wagering often being for a homely stake like a barrel of salt pork or some squared timber.

Today the prizes run to cash awards of $250 or maybe a horse blanket. "The main thing about ice racing is that you haven't got a lot to lose because there's not a lot to gain," says a driver from Prince Edward Island, where the sport hangs on. "Still, a horse that's absolutely no good on turns can find his salvation on ice." A horse also can find itself on its back, but most don't, the quarter-inch spikes welded to their shoes serving to keep them upright most of the time. But there are advantages to taking a spill on ice, the driver says, because "when you go down on clay, you stop a lot quicker." Which can be a lot more jarring. Calgary's Ed Tracey, who won last year's competition, insists, "Ice isn't much worse than mud. I've raced in mud that was just as slippery."

Last winter, when racing was brought back to the Rideau after a hiatus of more than 50 years, several of the sport's stars, including Canadian-born biggies John Chapman and Herve Filion, showed up to drive horses of no discernible ability in races with atrociously uneven starts—there was no starting gate, which meant the gentlemen were on their honor—and no firm rules. Just like the old days.



Filion, harness racing's all-time leading money-winner (28.7 million dollars), didn't win one of the day's nine races, but he didn't seem to mind. "With a good horse, I do great," he said. "With a bad horse, I do terrible." For his part, a mystified Chapman walked onto the canal, stared blankly at the scene, and then asked a race official, "Excuse me, but where is the track?" Answered the official, "Excuse me, but you're standing in the middle of it."

The glory of racing on the Rideau is that things like where the track is and who wins and loses matter not. What's important is the warm feeling. Winterlude looks as if it's right out of a Norman Rockwell painting. Dads skate the canal with kids on their shoulders; moms pull tots in wagon sleds; hands are warmed by outdoor fires; horse-drawn turn-of-the-century sleighs and cutters transport dignitaries, covered by buffalo lap robes, hither and yon.

The horses will come to Winterlude again on Feb. 17, and the very idea makes Roland Armitage glow. "This used to be fun," says the president of the Canadian Trotting Association. "And why shouldn't it still be?" It is, Roland, it is.

—Douglas S. Looney


New Year's Eve–
Just the two of you at home.
You want it this way. The attic filled with candlelight,
and music of another time, and memories. At midnight,
Smirnoff with a splash of the bubbly to toast
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IT'S STILL A TOSS-UP AT THE TOP





Ohio State, Alabama and Southern California are in the running for No. 1, but passing could decide who wins

by ***DOUGLAS S. LOONEY***

Coach John Robinson is not shy about talking—yea, rhapsodizing—over his Rose Bowl-bound Southern California team. "Let's face it," he says, "these are not average human beings. They're amazing, and they're the most serious group I've ever been around. They even *listen* to me. But what we have had to learn is how to survive while hearing every day that there is no way we can possibly lose a game because we have all these great players. The problem, of course, is flattery is seducing."

Nobody knows about seduction better than USC. While the Trojans were rolling along toward their widely conceded ninth national championship, a dreadful thing happened on the second Saturday in October: they got tied 21–21 by unranked Stanford (5–5–1).

Abruptly, the "most impressive college football team I've ever seen" (former Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty) was perhaps not even the most impressive college football team on the West Coast in 1979. And what with a bevy of teams—most notably Alabama and Ohio State—playing deep into the season without a loss or a draw, the once-tied Trojans limped along in oblivion, which is what a No. 3 (AP) or No. 2 (UPI) ranking is considered to be at Southern California.

But they didn't ever lose, finishing with a 10–0–1 record. And pollsters sometimes reward perseverance. Thus, the Trojans go to their Jan. 1 date in Pasadena against undefeated, untied, No. 1-ranked (AP) Ohio State with a second chance to prove what is widely suspected—that they *are* the best in the land. This will be the first time since 1969 that the Rose Bowl has matched a pair of unbeatens (the situation was identical then, with USC having a tie and Ohio State being undefeated, the Buckeyes won), and

continued



Schlichter to Donley has gained 690 yards for Ohio State

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BART FORBES

just about everyone is delighted at the prospect of a national champion being crowned in Pasadena, especially NBC.

But hold on. While the Rose Bowl seems to have the battle for No. 1, the Sugar Bowl game between Alabama and Arkansas cannot be ignored in the national championship equation. If the Rose Bowl ends in a tie and Alabama wins, Alabama is No. 1. If Arkansas wins, everybody takes a saliva test. If Ohio State wins big, it's No. 1. And while it is a stickier call, it appears that if USC wins and Alahama wins, the Trojans will get to wear the championship crown.



McDonald. The Brain with a brilliant arm.

Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz is his usual off-the-wall self in discussing how to defend against Alabama's potent wishbone offense. "The problem is, even if you break the wishbone, you don't always get the big end," Holtz says. "They control the ball so much that if we don't bring a ball of our own, we might not get to hold one."

Nobody, however, poor-mouths better than Alabama's Bear Bryant. He says, "I'm not 50% the coach I was 15 years ago. But in the middle of the season, I thought this would become the best team I've ever been around. But then we had all these crippling injuries. Still, these players have been a great joy to me." Yes, indeed. For Alabama is undefeated and was the unanimous choice for No. 1 after USC suffered its Stanford calamity.

The Tide retained that distinction until the final regular-season poll earlier this month, when the writers who ballot in the AP poll summoned the eourage to vote the facts, which are: Alabama played such a light schedule—it included the likes of 5–6 Virginia Tech, 1–10 Wichita State and 0–10–1 Florida—that the Tide had little chance to prove its supremacy. Or disprove it. Therefore, it was dropped to No. 2, and Ohio State moved to the top. However, in the UPI—or coaches'—poll, Alabama impressed enough voters to retain its No. 1 spot. Last year AP named Alabama national champs, and UPI picked USC. There could be more split vision this year.

Anyway, for those of you who aren't going to be in the country on New Year's Day, here's the way it will go:

Southern Cal will dismantle Ohio State, behind Heisman winner Charlie White, the nation's leading rusher, with 180.3 yards a game, and a marvelous offensive line anchored by All-America Guard Brad Budde, who correctly says, "Without us, you wouldn't hear of Charles White." The game will prove to the talented and tenacious Bucks that even if the rest of the state of California is laid-back and mellow, the Trojans aren't. The win should give USC the national championship. And that holds true even if Alabama puts Arkansas away in New Orleans. What could upset this scenario would be one of those stirring come-from-behind wins for the Tide, which would: 1) establish the fact that Arkansas is a worthy opponent; 2) establish Alabama as a team with heart as well as personnel; and 3) allow the writers who voted for USC in the final season poll to get back on Bear's good side—he has likened the turncoats to "that Ayatollah fella."

Surprisingly, both the Rose and Sugar Bowl games could well turn on passing, though Alabama, Ohio State and Southern Cal traditionally have been known for their running games. Nowhere is the matchup more exciting than in the Rose Bowl where USC's All-America senior, Paul McDonald, and Ohio State's phenomenal sophomore, Art Schlichter, match wits and arms.

During the 28-year reign of Woody Hayes, Buckeye fans only had heard rumors that a football could be thrown. Now they *know* it can, Schlichter having completed 94 of 179 passes for 1,519 yards and 13 touchdowns. Though he's a sophomore he already has all the Ohio State career passing records. Predictably he has the perfect attitude for a thrower. "Know what you do if you miss a pass?" he says. "You try to complete the next one." Ah, life is so simple when you're 19. And when you have on hand a receiver like 6′ 1″, 180-pound Flanker Doug Donley, whom Schlichter describes as "the fastest white guy I've ever seen."



Williams. The Bug who may well sting the Buckeyes

Donley, who was spotted in a recruiting film while the Buckeye coaches were watching another player, is called White Lightning by his teammates. He and Schlichter

continued

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practice constantly during the summer. "Art knows what kind of pattern I'll run," says Donley. "He knows when I'm going to run an out or come back on a post. At first when we worked out, we had to think about it. But the more we did it, the more it became natural, instinctive. I don't think about catching the ball." He just does it, having grabbed 33 this year for 690 yards and five touchdowns.

Schlichter and Donley may have started to learn each other's moves back in high school when they guarded each other in a 1977 district playoff basketball game. "We argue about how many points I got," says Schlichter, who played for Miami Trace (Ohio) High. "I think it was 19. He says he held me to six." Sniffs Donley, who performed for Cambridge (Ohio) High, "I'm sure he didn't get double figures against *me*." In fact, Schlichter had 17 points, Donley got nine. Donley's team won.

But Schlichter has become a winner at Ohio State since he stopped throwing interceptions—21 in '78 vs. only five in '79. The main difficulty for the Buckeyes is that their tackles—both offensively and defensively—are a little small. If USC starts pushing them around, which it should, Ohio State players will have to be content with humming a few bars of *Wait 'til Next Year*.

If Schlichter's passing has been attracting more attention, mostly because it's such a novelty in Columbus, the passing of Southern Cal lefthander McDonald has compiled even glossier numbers—153 completions out of 240 attempts for 1,989 yards and 17 touchdowns. He, too, had only five interceptions. Helping to make McDonald, an academic All-America (3.69 average) who majors in accounting, look awfully good is little (5′ 8″, 155 pounds) Kevin Williams, who has made 23 catches this year—incredibly, seven of them for touchdowns.

The two are now known as the Bug and the Brain. But when Williams, White's teammate at San Fernando High, arrived at USC, his reputation was for driving coaches buggy with his bad hands. Even McDonald says, "I never thought he'd make it." Practice has changed that. "I have a number of flat-out speeds," says the now-surehanded Williams, "and that tends to confuse defensive backs." His slowest pace is blazing and it goes up from there, which is why McDonald exults, "No one can cover Kevin one-on-one."

One big advantage for the McDonald-Williams connection is the presence of Heisman Trophy-winner White. For if a team thinks too much about stopping the pass, White will destroy it. In fact, if the opposition concentrates exclusively on the run, White might wreak havoc, anyway.

Southern Cal is more vulnerable against the pass than Ohio State, because neither its secondary nor its cornerbacks have been brilliant this season. "Our offense is the best I've ever been around," Robinson says, "but our defense has not been able to snuff people out like some of ours in the past."



Shealy, primarily a runner, may have to pass

When it comes to scoring defense, Alabama leads the nation, having allowed only 5.3 points (and 180.1 yards) per game. But the Tide, too, has a potent passing combination in Quarterback Steadman Shealy and Split End Keith Pugh, who says, "When a ball is thrown, I consider it mine." Twenty-five times this year it has been, and one of his two touchdowns was a crucial score against Auburn when the Tide was struggling.

In the Alabama wishbone, passing is not normally a big part of the game plan, but against a stubborn Arkansas defense, it may come into play more. And while Shealy, another academic All-America (3.56 average, physical education major) is known mostly as a runner, he has completed 45 of 81 of his passes this season for 717 yards.

Passing is no big deal for Arkansas, although Wide Receiver Robert Farrell is capable of making clutch catches of tosses from the accurate if lightly employed arm of Kevin Scanlon.

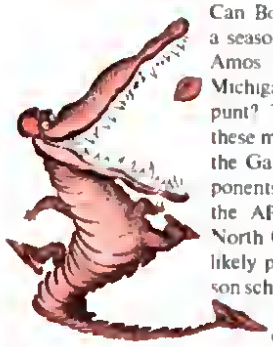
However these bowl games wind up, someone will become national champion. And, again, some folks will be dissatisfied with the final verdict of the polls. Which again points up the need for a genuine playoff for the title. Say Alabama beats Arkansas Might not a ticket or two be sold to see 'Bama knock heads with the Rose Bowl winner? It's like Ohio State Coach Earle Bruce says, "The better the opponent, the better we seem to play. I like that. Golly, I like that." So does everyone else.

CONTINUED



to Pugh often if 'Bama's to roll in its bowl

GATOR BOWL
Dec. 28
Michigan (8–3) vs. North Carolina (7–3–1)



Can Bo Schembechler finish a season with a victory? Can Amos remain famous? Can Michigan get off an unblocked punt? The game that poses these momentous questions is the Gator Bowl, and the opponents, Michigan, No. 14 in the AP poll, and unranked North Carolina, are the least likely pairing on the postseason schedule.

Under normal circumstances, Bo would not take his team as far south as Ypsilanti for a game against the fifth-place finisher in the ACC, but as the Wolverines and bowl committees have proved, things ain't what they used to be. For instance, while North Carolina and two other ACC teams (Wake Forest and Clemson) got bowl bids, North Carolina State got nothing for winning the conference championship.

This season also has been the most unsuccessful in Schembechler's 11 years at Ann Arbor, even though a total of eight points accounted for all three Michigan losses. Had he been given his druthers, Bo probably would have elected to stay home and brood about his kicking game. That aspect of the Wolverines' offense yielded only 45 points—36 PATs and three field goals—while allowing four blocked punts and generating 100,000-plus catcalls every time the Wolverine kicking unit took the field at Michigan Stadium.

Nonetheless, Schembechler should be pleased that his players voted to go to Jacksonville, because the 1978 Gator Bowl will probably snap his 10-year string of season-ending losses. Under Schembechler, Michigan's record in final games is 0–9–1. More galling still is the fact that six of those losses have come in bowls.

The Wolverines have a running attack led by Butch Woolfolk and the defense to break that streak. Michigan's offense rolled up 403.7 yards per game and racked up 40 touchdowns. Against the rush, the Wolverines allowed only 99.3 yards a game and eight TDs, which bodes ill for Famous Amos Lawrence, the Tar Heel tailback who ran for 1,019 yards though he missed four starts. Quarterback Matt Kupec, who hit 54% of his passes for 1,587 yards and 18 touchdowns, should test Michigan's secondary. Still, this is one final the Wolverines should pass.

HALL OF FAME CLASSIC
Dec. 29
Missouri (6–5) vs. South Carolina (8–3)

Their offensive styles are dissimilar and so are their records, but when South Carolina and Missouri do battle in the third-ever Hall of Fame Classic in Birmingham, it will be a game between kindred souls.

In addition to both teams coming from towns named Columbia, the Gamecocks and Tigers have something else in common—controversy. South Carolina, which had its first eight-victory season since 1903, has survived a season-long squabble between Coach Jim Carlen and the local media, along with a briefer beef between Carlen and the school administration. For its part, Missouri has been rapped by fans for accepting a bowl bid at the conclusion of a mediocre season. If that weren't bad enough, the Tigers then threatened to boycott the Hall of Fame Classic over a dispute about the accommodations, or lack of same, for the team and the school band.



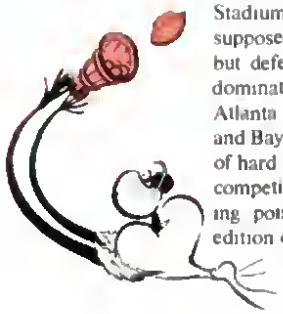
Similar character-building experiences may help each team to "overcome adversity," as they say in football. For the Tigers, the main adversity will be a South Carolina running game headed by George Rogers, the nation's second-leading ground-gainer, and his offensive line, known as the Moving Company.

A 6′ 2″, 210-pound junior tailback, Rogers was named to the AP first-team All-America after he gained 1,548 yards on 286 carries and was held to less than 100 yards in only one game. Carlen compares Rogers to Earl Campbell, and on this point at least the South Carolina press is in accord with the coach. It has been beating the drums to establish Rogers as a 1980 Heisman Trophy candidate.

As good as Rogers is, South Carolina's attack is too run oriented to tame the Tigers, who are a far better team than their record indicates. Missouri barely lost (24–22) to Oklahoma and turned down a chip-shot field-goal try that might have earned a tie with Nebraska. In trying to stop Rogers, Missouri will be dealing from strength—its rushing defense. On offense, Quarterback Phil Bradley passes well enough to keep the Gamecock defense honest, which should be enough for a Tiger win.

PEACH BOWL
Dec. 31
Baylor (7–4) vs. Clemson (8–3)

For a game whose existence has been threatened by poor attendance in recent years, the Peach Bowl has created a strange attraction in hopes of filling 60,456-seat Fulton County Stadium. Touchdowns are supposed to sell tickets, but defenses are likely to dominate the matchup in Atlanta between Clemson and Baylor. If the promise of hard tackling and close competition is a good selling point, however, this edition of the Peach Bowl should be a sellout, even if neither team figures to score in double digits.



Clemson and Baylor are two of the surprises of the '79 season, and neither is likely to be far from victory if it maintains its habit of yielding points sparingly. However, Clemson, which gave up only 92 points and eight touchdowns during the regular season, also has a moderately potent offense that should be enough to assure the Tigers their second-straight bowl victory.

The Tigers were expected to rebuild this year after Quarterback Steve Fuller and Split End Jerry Butler, among others, graduated to the NFL, but the defense and the solid kicking of Punter Dave Sims and Placekicker Obed Ariri enabled Clemson to win eight games. The Tigers' defense is led by Jim Stuckey, a 6′ 5″, 241-pound All-America tackle, and Bubba Brown, a rangy, 210-pound linebacker. Middle Guard Charlie Bauman, who appeared as Woody Hayes' sparring partner after making a fourth-quarter interception of an Ohio State pass in the 1978 Gator Bowl, is a tough defender, too.

Baylor has rebounded from its 3–8 record of last season to gain its first bowl bid since 1974 chiefly because its defense only once has allowed an opponent's offense to score more than two touchdowns. That opponent happened to be Alabama. The Bears' stalwarts are Mike Singletary, an All-America linebacker who set a school record with 517 tackles during his three-season career, and 6′ 4″, 210-pound End Andy Melontree, who, says Coach Grant Teaff, "is the best pass rusher I've ever had."

With rugged operatives of this sort on both defenses, the New Year's Eve game in Atlanta could turn out to be one of this season's peachiest bowls.

DRAWINGS BY ARNOLD ROTH

BLUEBONNET BOWL
Dec. 31
Purdue (9–2) vs. Tennessee (7–4)

Considering the dubious credentials of his opponent, it would appear that the prospect of going to the Bluebonnet Bowl has knocked Purdue Coach Jim Young a bit off his rocker. "We're going to be playing a *good* football team," Young says of his Boilermakers' clash with Tennessee, "and I think it's an even game."

Few oddsmakers or non-Tennesseans are likely to agree. Most fans were astonished when the Vols accepted a bowl bid the day after a 44–20 thrashing by Ole Miss put their record at 5–4. Two Tennessee victories since, against Kentucky (5–6) and Vanderbilt (1–10), have failed to dispel the notion that Coach Johnny Majors' team really deserved to be home for the holidays. Through a fitful season, which featured a 17–7 halftime lead over Alabama that was a prelude to a 27–17 defeat, a win over Notre Dame and a loss to Rutgers, the Volunteers have demonstrated a remarkable ability to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Tennessee does have speed in the skill positions and a dangerous quarterback in Jimmy Streater, who passed for 1,256 yards, but even if they play above their heads, Majors' young squad probably will be little threat to Purdue.

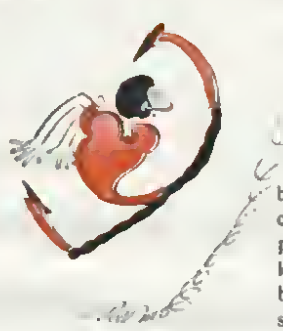


For one thing, the Boilermakers have never been beaten in a bowl game, and, for another, they are riding a six-game win streak. Because the Bluebonnet is held in the Astrodome, there is no chance the weather will dampen the accuracy of Purdue Quarterback Mark Herrmann, who threw for 2,074 yards and 13 touchdowns this season.

At the receiving end of Herrmann's passes, look for 6'3" Tight End Dave Young, like Herrmann a junior, who comes into the bowl with 51 receptions. Herrmann certainly will

The Boilermakers' bid for their first 10-victory season will be abetted by a rugged defensive unit that features End Keena Turner and is particularly stingy against the run. Purdue held six of 11 opponents to less than 100 yards on the ground and should suffer no falloff against Tennessee.

COTTON BOWL
Jan. 1
Houston (10–1) vs. Nebraska (10–1)



When Houston and Nebraska square off in the Cotton Bowl, past embarrassments will be a motivating factor for each team. The eighth-ranked Cougars are still red-faced over the Cotton Bowl of a year ago, when they blew a 34–12 third-quarter lead and lost to Notre Dame 35–34 on the last play of the day. "This time we're going to finish," says Houston Coach Bill Yeoman.

Nebraska once again is disappointed that a chance for a perfect record was ruined in its regular-season finale at Oklahoma, where the Cornhuskers lost by a field goal. "It was very, very painful to come that far and not make it," says Coach Tom Osborne, "but a Cotton Bowl victory will ease a lot of the pain."

While the intangibles and a matched set of defenses could make this game the most competitive in the bowl lineup, Nebraska's rushing attack should give Osborne his fifth bowl victory in the last seven seasons. The Huskers have run for 35 touchdowns and rank third in the nation with 345.1 yards a game on the ground. And if Nebraska can't move the ball with basic stuff it isn't loath to resort to trickery, such as the "guard-around" on which Randy Schleusener scooped up a "fumble" and scored from 15 yards out against Oklahoma. But Quarterback Jeff Quinn will more often call upon Jarvis Redwine. The transfer from Oregon State rushed for 1,042 yards and relegated I.M. Hipp to second string this season.

Houston also relies on its running game. The Cougars' veer ranked seventh nationally, with 296.1 yards a game, and piled up 29 touchdowns. Quarterback Delrick Brown's prime mover is Terald Clark, a 5'9", 196-pound junior who gained 1,063 yards.

The Cougars play tougher as the game goes on. In fourth quarters this season, Houston rallied to win six times and outscored the opposition 102–24. If the Cougars can somehow hold the Huskers at bay for the first three quarters, this year's fourth could be a big one—not a bad one—for Houston.

ORANGE BOWL
Jan. 1
Florida State (11–0) vs. Oklahoma (10–1)

Shortly after his Florida State team had beaten archrival Florida to close out the regular season with a perfect record, Seminole Coach Bobby Bowden was asked who should be voted the No. 1 team in the nation. A deeply religious man, Bowden answered with a parable: "People ask us: 'Do you have the best defense in the nation?' Nope, not close. 'The best offense?' Nope, not close. 'How about your record?' Well, yeah, we're pretty close there."

But probably only until New Year's night, because the surprising Seminoles, in their first major bowl game, will be facing perennial postseason-invitee Oklahoma, which ranks second in the nation in scoring with 34.7 points per game, and a healthy and fired-up Billy Sims. The 1978 Heisman winner needs 187 yards to become the 10th NCAA player to rush for 4,000 career yards. Sims means to do it. In the Sooners' final two regular-season games, against the staunch defenses of Missouri and Nebraska, he gained a dazzling 529 yards.

Given Oklahoma's formidable offense, Bowden can thank the Lord for his 6'1", 238-pound All-America nose guard, Ron Simmons. Quick as a cornerback and strong as The Hulk, Simmons leads Florida State in bench-pressing (530 pounds) and tackles for losses (17), despite almost always being double-teamed. Yet he is the quiet sort who does not seek the limelight. "Strength can only get you so far," he says. "Then it's all up there." He points to his head, securely anchored to his 19½-inch neck.



On offense, Florida State will counter Oklahoma's ground game with the passing of interchangeable quarterbacks Wally Woodham and Jimmy Jordan. Between them they have completed 167 passes—more than twice as many as Oklahoma has attempted—for 17 TDs.

Bowden says with a grin that "the only way we can win the national championship is by an act of God . . . and, of course, I talk to Him every day." If Simmons can force the Sooners to bobble the ball—Oklahoma lost 36 fumbles this season—while the Seminole offense hits a bomb or two, a miracle could happen. —RON REID

SPLENDOR IN THE DESERT SKY



Photographs by Sebastian Bastel and Vince Streano

Like seven-story Christmas tree ornaments, they waft over a New Mexico mesa, their pilots riding in wicker baskets suspended beneath sheer nylon "envelopes." On landing, the hot-air balloonists stuff their big bags into little bags, hoist the gondolas onto pickups and roll to the next launch site. At $9,000 a balloon and $100 an hour for expenses, it isn't a cheap avocation, but those who do it say it's worth every cent. Turn the pages for more views of a grand gathering at Albuquerque, where the winds are fickle but fun, and an appreciation of the lift one gets from hot-air ballooning.



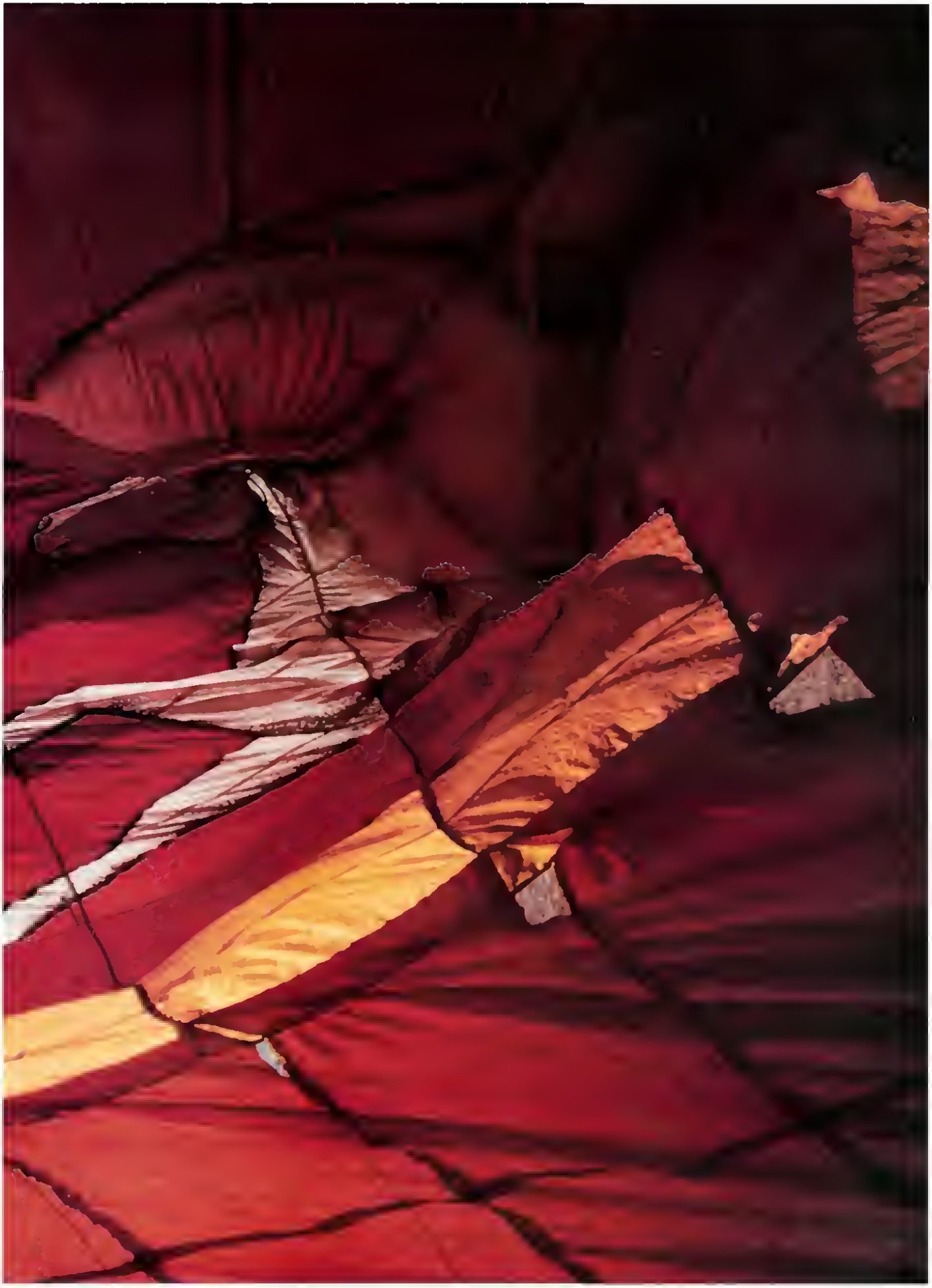


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continued

TRYING TO OUTFOX THE BOX

A half dozen ebony teardrops hover overhead, barely silhouetted against the dark of the desert sky. It is 5 a.m., the air is calm, and a half moon sits high above the Sandia Mountains, which loom in the distance to the east. Spectators await the light of dawn in anticipation of a new day and a sun to ward off the chill that has settled over the stark New Mexico terrain. A sudden whoosh cuts through the stillness. Seconds pass, then one tiny teardrop takes on a glowing pattern of pinks and reds. Another whoosh, and a second globe unveils its colors. And again and again, like light bulbs turning on to wake the mesa from its sleep.

The early-bird dawn patrol is in action on the last day of the Eighth Annual International Balloon Fiesta at Albuquerque. A few hours later 376 hot-air balloons, by far the most ever gathered in one place in the history of ballooning, will ascend together from Simm's field in a final display of unmatched splendor. The mass launching will be the culmination of 10 days of competition during which the activities have been more like free-form games than tough contests, an excuse for balloonists from all over the world to get together, "kick dust" and generally have fun doing what they like to do best, which is everything that has anything to do with ballooning.

Small wonder that there should be such a congregation at Albuquerque, because it boasts of being "the balloon capital of the world." It is home to the current hot-air balloon world champion and runner-up, as well as to the transatlantic team that flew the gas balloon *Double Eagle II*, and it has some of the best weather in the world for ballooning. "We have what is known as the Albuquerque box," says *Cherries Jubilee*'s owner, Jerry Mason. "It's got tricky strata of air, much like a layer cake. At various altitudes the air moves in different directions. You might be heading one way at the 1,000-foot level, while 50 feet higher it's the opposite. By going up and down you can change your track, and sometimes you even end up where you began."

Competitors from the eastern U.S. were having special trouble negotiating the unusual patterns of air, because they are accustomed to moving in a single direction, west to east. But by the end of the fiesta they were fascinated by, if not quite adept at solving, the problem of maneuvering their balloons.

To be sure, there were those who found the competition just plain frustrating. Few pilots managed to get anywhere near the target in the tumbleweed drop, which entails trying to hit an "X" on the ground with a clump of tumbleweed released from 500 feet up. And during the roadrunner-and-coyote event, hundreds of balloonists failed to get within beep-beeping range of the lead balloon they were chasing. For at least two competitors, however, the "box" proved solvable. In the fiesta's most difficult accuracy contest, someone was right on the nose for the first time ever. Two someones, in fact. Ray DeMeritt, a schoolteacher from Paso Robles, Calif., swooped down to snatch the keys to a four-wheel-drive Scout from the top of a 20-foot pole. Half an hour later, that feat was repeated by Dudley Mann, an El Paso attorney. Both men were awarded the Scouts that went with the keys.

A hot-air balloon, as its name suggests, gets its lift from hot air, which is heated by a propane burner mounted at the mouth of the envelope. Seconds after the gas is lit—usually for blasts of two or three seconds—the balloon rises; as the air cools, it deseends. Otherwise a balloon must go where the wind takes it.

No one knows the ways of the winds better than Bill Barrett, a bird colonel at nearby Kirtland Air Force Base who has flown in every kind of balloon in the 25 years he has been in the service and who now pilots the *Roadrunner*. "You've heard of hanging on by the seat of your pants? Well, flying a balloon is done by the soles of your feet," he says as he floats along over the desert. "That's where you feel the rise and fall. Forget the altimeter. It only shows you what's already happened." A balloon's response is a delayed reaction, he goes on to explain, while opening the valve on one of two 20-gallon propane tanks aboard *Roadrunner*'s gondola and looking to his feet for the reaction. "What the pilot must do is anticipate the unexpected, and everything about ballooning is unexpected."

Barrett drifts off, bobbing up and down, in search of an air current that will carry him back to the launching site—or at least to a place where his chase crew can pick him up. Ultimately he aborts, suspended in still air over a schoolyard. After descending, Barrett tells the children, who are at recess, that he will give them their first balloon rides. Thirty go up, three at a time.

Now, on mass ascension day, the first pink flush of dawn pervades the desert, and thousands of spectators shuffle dust into what becomes a haze. Crews bustle in preparation for the launch. Inflators rasp, burners roar. Willing hands tug at limp and lifeless cloth until it billows, fat and round. The smiling face on the *Great Pumpkin* appears, and the patchwork quilting of *Raggedy Ann*, then a peacock, a unicorn and *Cat Balloon*. A blast of gas igniting is heard, then another, and one by one the balloons rise, like Christmas ornaments, majestically, mysteriously, floating in air.

—Palla Phelps

by William F. Reed

It was not Knight's night

After Kentucky's late burst beat No. 1 Indiana, Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight wished more than ever he hadn't let Indianian Kyle Macy slip off to the Bluegrass State

Bobby Knight was sitting in his office one day last week when a couple of matrons came in bearing dishes covered with aluminum foil. "What've you got for me now?" growled the Indiana University basketball coach. The women, Grandma and Jean Smith, former proprietors of Smitty's South Side Cafe in Bloomington, Ind., still ply their favorite ex-customer with goodies. Knight peeked under the foil and said, "I'll eat anything but that raisin-and-coconut stuff you brought me last week. I thought you were Kentucky fans or something."

A few minutes later Knight eased his 6′ 5″ frame into a chair at his "new spot," an eatery named Kilroy's. He was in a carefree, almost ebullient mood, and after bantering with the waitress, he turned his thoughts to the upcoming game against Kentucky in Lexington's Rupp Arena. His No. 1-ranked Hoosiers had just run their record to 4–0 with a difficult, but impressive, 76–69 win against Georgetown. Nevertheless, Indiana had yet to play a game on the road, or to face a team with the talent and depth of Coach Joe B. Hall's sassy young Wildcats.

If Knight was uptight about meeting Kentucky, it didn't show. It wasn't that he was so confident of winning. Not at all. It was just that Knight considers ratings meaningless until the end of January, when teams have had the chance to jell. He also thought the polls were overrating his team. And he knew that the Hoosiers wouldn't be at full strength against Kentucky. Steve Bouchie, a 6′ 8″ freshman forward, hurt a foot in Indiana's opener and hadn't played since. "He's doubtful for Kentucky," Knight said, "and without him we can't do nearly as many things." Moreover, sophomore Guard Randy Wittman told Knight after a poor performance against Georgetown that he had injured his left ankle in an earlier game against Texas-El Paso.

Instead of fretting, Knight sat in the restaurant and laughed about how, as a kid growing up in Orrville, Ohio, he had spent many nights listening to Kentucky basketball on Louisville's WHAS. He was a Kentucky fan in those days. "Ohio State didn't have a radio network then," said Knight, who went on to play on the great Lucas-Havlicek Buckeye teams. "Kentucky was what I could always get by flipping around the dial." He even admitted that, on his part at least, there is more love than hate involved in the Kentucky-Indiana rivalry, one that galvanizes every basketball nut in those neighboring basketball-nutty states.

Meanwhile, down in Lexington Joe Hall was wondering about the roller-coaster tendencies of his team. On Monday night the Wildcats were a many-splendored thing in a 126–81 romp over South Carolina—the worst licking ever handed a team coached by Frank McGuire. "They might be the best in the country," said McGuire, marveling over Guard Kyle Macy's textbook jump shots, 7′ 1″ freshman Sam Bowie's alley-oop stuffs and Kentucky's remarkable depth. "They just keep coming at you in waves."

Only two nights later, however, Kentucky was lucky to escape with a 57–56 win at Kansas. Afterward, Hall was so upset with the Wildcats that he castigated everyone at his press conference. He blamed his guards for being "selfish" and his frontcourtmen for being sloppy.

Going into the Indiana game, Kentucky had lost only once in seven starts—to Duke in the season-opening Hall of Fame game in Springfield, Mass. Hall had learned from those early games that he had a lot of guys who could play well. But which five played the best *together*? "It'll take a while for them to settle in," Hall said. "I don't know what this team is going to be. What makes me feel good is that the young players are playing so hard." The young players—freshmen Bowie, Derrick Hord, Dirk Minnieficld and Charles Hurt—give Kentucky both a fine bench and a shot at the next several NCAA championships.

Aside from a love of fishing and a hatred of losing, Knight and Hall share a respect for Macy, Kentucky's splendid 6′ 3″ senior guard. A native of Peru, Ind., as a high school senior in 1974-75 Macy was interested in playing for Knight, who at the time had the No. 1 team in the country. When it became apparent to Macy that Knight wasn't nearly as interested in him as he was in Knight, he began to consider other schools. He finally picked Purdue, and so did Jerry Sichting, another top Indiana high school prospect. Sichting has had a fine career at Purdue, and Macy, who transferred to Kentucky after his freshman year, has developed into perhaps the finest all-round guard in the country.

"As I look back at it, the biggest mistake I've made in recruitment was not signing Sichting or Macy," Knight says. He admitted his error to Macy last summer while Macy was practicing at Indiana for the U.S. Pan Am Games team that Knight coached. "One day while Macy was shooting free throws," Knight says, "I said to him, 'You know, if I wasn't such a dumb son of a bitch, you'd have played your entire career right here in this building.' Kyle just laughed."

For his part, Macy has a lot of respect for Knight. "He really sticks up for his players," Macy says. "He's a lot like Coach Hall, as far as the yelling and all is concerned. Both are easygoing off the floor, but perfectionists on it. Both are disciplined coaches."

When game time came around on Saturday night, Hall was yelling for Macy, Knight against him. And a Rupp Arena-record crowd of 23,798 was yelling for a Kentucky victory, though for a while it looked as if the Cats would be lucky to stay in the game. With 6:31 left in the first half, Mike Woodson, Indiana's su-

perb senior forward, made a layup to give the Hoosiers a 28–15 lead. At the time Kentucky was hitting less than 30% from the field; Indiana was shooting 50%. But actually the Wildcats' fortunes had begun to turn 57 seconds earlier when Isiah Thomas, the freshman guard who means so much to Indiana's attack, had picked up his third foul. Hall capitalized on Thomas' absence by putting in his five quickest players—the Firehouse Five he calls them—and instructing them to press full court. The Five include three freshmen (Minniefield, Hurt and Hord), a sophomore (Dwight Anderson) and a senior (Jay Shidler). By halftime the Indiana lead was only three, 39–36.

As is the case with all Kentucky-Indiana games in the Knight-Hall era, this was a defensive war. It came down to a matter of which team would blink first. This time it was Indiana. The Hoosiers were leading 53–51 with 9:05 to go when Kentucky ripped off 15 straight points to take an insurmountable 66–53 lead at 1:44 on the clock. During that stretch Indiana missed 10 consecutive shots and was held scoreless for more than seven minutes. The final score was 69–58.

Though Hall beat Knight at his own game—defense—Kentucky also had a couple of other factors in its favor. One was its superior depth. Another was that Thomas fouled out with 6:43 to go. At the time the Hoosiers trailed by only four, but without Thomas they lacked the ball handling, quickness, penetration and leadership needed to beat the Cats. And when Thomas left, Macy took charge. His jumper tied the game at 53, and another gave Kentucky a lead it never relinquished. "I thought Macy did a very good job of taking the game over, from their standpoint," Knight said. He also praised the outside shooting of Shidler, who hit five of seven long shots and scored 11 points. Macy led the winners with 12, while Woodson and 6′9″ Center Ray Tolbert each had 16 for Indiana.

It's sort of scary to think that, if Kentucky is this good now, how good will the Wildcats be by March? When Hall was asked about his team's potential a couple of hours after the Indiana game, he replied, "I don't know. It's hard for me to assess them. They will have to play their way into my understanding."

Then he took off one of his loafers and held it up for inspection. There were two pennies inside. "I found them Thursday as I was leaving the barbershop," Hall said. "That's strong medicine. I really don't believe in superstition, but I don't want to tempt fate, either. They hurt my feet for two days, but that's all right. A coach has to make some sacrifices, too."



Knight greets one of his biggest recruiting mistakes, Macy, after the Hoosiers' loss in Lexington

THE WEEK

(Dec. 10-16)

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST "You can see it in their faces," Drake Coach Bob Ortegel said, speaking of players who have lost a lot of close games. Ortegel knows the look: two seasons ago his Bulldogs dropped 10 games by three points or fewer. "They were thinking of how they were going to lose it," Ortegel added. "They" was Drake's opponent, Air Force, which had lost all three of its games by no more than five points. Against the Bulldogs, the Falcons did it again, forging a tie at 71-all, then going cold, getting that look and losing 78–73 to undefeated Drake.

While preparing for unbeaten Oregon State, Portland Coach Jack Avina told his team, "You have a rare chance to climb a mountain. Take advantage of it." They did. Double- and triple-teaming the Beavers' 6′10″ Steve Johnson, the Pilots spurted to a 15-point lead, surged again when State got to within 62–60 and finished with a 94–86 upset. Portland had three unrelenting mountain climbers. Guard Jose Slaughter, who had 27 points. Guard Darwin Cook, who left the Beavers gasping as he engineered fast breaks; and 6′5″ Forward Rick Raivio, who outmaneuvered State's big front line for 27 points and 11 rebounds. Oregon State then thrashed Portland State 92–71. The Beavers benefited from the superb play of Guard Ray Blume, who had 27 points, five assists and four steals.

The La Salle-Brigham Young matchup in the finale of the Cougar Classic was replete with clutch performances. There was only one second left in regulation when Kevin Lynam of the Explorers made a corner shot to tie the score at 82–82. There were two seconds to go in the first overtime when Scott Runia of the Cougars squared matters at 92–92 by sinking a pair of free throws. Late in the second extra period, BYU's Runia and Devin Durrant tossed in baskets to make it 98–98. Finally, in the third overtime, the Cougars built a four-point lead and hung on to win 108–106. Durrant, who had 24 points against La Salle, scored 25 as BYU took its opening-round game from UC-Santa Barbara 87–65.

Two players joined the NCAA list of 2,000-point scorers: La Salle's Michael Brooks, who sank 24 of 36 floor shots against BYU; and Andrew Toney, who had 32 points as Southwestern Louisiana won 64–59 at Oregon.

Weber State knocked off teams from three regions. The Wildcats beat an Eastern squad (Rhode Island) 82–60, one from the Midwest (St. Francis of Illinois) 96–67 and one from the West (New Mexico) 80–70.

1.BYU (5–1)
2.OREGON STATE (6–1) 3.UCLA (3–2)

continued

EAST Evaluating his team's performance against Duke, Penn Coach Bob Weinhauer said, "We played with an intelligence that wasn't there in our first three games." Intelligent or not, the Quakers lost 70–57, giving them their dullest start—0–4—in 79 years. Doing some right smart shooting for the Blue Devils was Mike Gminski, who had 27 points. In another matchup of teams from Philadelphia and the ACC, Temple beat visiting Wake Forest 74–69. Detroit couldn't contain North Carolina freshman James Worthy, whose 24 points and 16 rebounds helped the Tar Heels win 90–72.

St. John's and Ohio State both won at home and away. After defeating Columbia 91–75 at home, the Redmen took to the road and handed Rutgers its first setback, 75–64. The Buckeyes started off by winning 72–55 in a sloppy game at West Virginia, but polished up their act while smothering Cal Poly-Pomona 87–46 at home and Holy Cross 79–63 on the Crusaders' floor. Ohio State's shifting zone defenses shut down the Mountaineer attack, and then before the biggest crowd ever at Holy Cross (a sellout 4,000, plus SRO ticket holders), the Buckeyes forced the Crusaders out of their patient style by outscoring them 19–4 early in the second half. Ohio State Guard Kelvin Ransey, who twice had 20 points last week, has now scored in double figures in 68 consecutive games.

Penn State also broke its official home attendance record, though the 8,495 fans at Rec Hall were disappointed by an 85–72 loss to Syracuse. Roosevelt Bouie and Louis Orr of the Orangemen combined for 35 points to more than offset 24 by Nittany Lion freshman Rich Fetter.

It wasn't what you'd call a scintillating game, but at least the score was close as Concordia (N.Y.) beat Northeastern Bible 6–4.

1.DUKE (6–0)
2.NORTH CAROLINA (4–1) 3.ST. JOHN'S (6–1)

MIDWEST "After we built big leads, we went to sleep," said Missouri Guard Larry Drew following a nightmarishly close 78–75 triumph over Southern Cal. Drew added that USC's Purvis Miller did lots of "wolf talking"—*i.e.*, verbal baiting—as he tried to psych out Curtis Berry of the Tigers. Miller also popped in 24 points, grabbed 10 rebounds and helped the Trojans come from 14 points down in the first half and from 17 back in the second half. His wolf talking, however, didn't keep Berry from getting 11 rebounds and scoring 23 points, the last two on game-clinching free throws with four seconds to go. At Butler, it was freshman Steve Stipanovich who came through when it counted. Twice in the last 1:49 he made both ends of one-and-one foul situations to subdue the Bulldogs 64–60. The Tigers also beat Northern Arizona 112–64 as Stipanovich, who is shooting .675 so far, hit on eight of 14 field-goal attempts and had 19 points. Drew, a .609 shooter, was 7 for 11 with 23 points. But the surest gun of all last week was Berry, who sank 19 of 23 shots and had 45 points in three games.

Unbeaten Iowa outscored Wichita State 44–27 in the second half to win 81–62 and then held off Iowa State 67–64. Steve Waite settled the outcome against the Cyclones by converting two foul shots with 15 seconds remaining to put Iowa ahead 66–62. Doing much of the scoring for the Hawkeyes were their guards, Ronnie Lester getting 26 points at Wichita State and 23 against Iowa State, and Kenny Arnold adding a total of 34. As for Wichita State, the Shockers regrouped and shocked Michigan State 55–54.

An injury may have undone East Tennessee State's try for an upset at Virginia Tech. Troy Mikell, a freshman guard for the Buccaneers, had 24 points and brought his team back from a 13-point deficit to a 47–47 standoff by scoring East Tennessee's first seven field goals of the second half. Then, while Mikell sat down with a banged-up shoulder, the Hokies outscored the Bucs 16–3. Tech, which committed 24 turnovers and was outrebounded 47–41 by the smaller Tennesseans, won 82–72 as Wayne Robinson scored 21 points, got 16 rebounds and blocked four shots.

Arkansas labored while winning twice. The Razorbacks scored the game's last six points—four on foul shots and two on a reverse layup by Tony Brown—as they defeated Mississippi 67–59. In an exhibition against Athletes in Action, U.S. Reed of the Hogs had five of his 19 points in the final 2:05 of a 68–67 overtime victory.

"We didn't make anything happen in the first half. We just floated around, said Louisville Coach Denny Crum of his Cardinals, who led North Carolina Charlotte 38–33 at halftime of their first-round game in the Holiday Classic. From there on, though, host Louisville excelled, beating the 49ers 93–76 and winning the title game from Western Kentucky 96–74. Louisville's Darrell Griffith had 28 points in the first game, and five steals, seven assists and 20 points in the second.

1.VIRGINIA TECH (3–0)
2.ARKANSAS (5–0) 3.MISSOURI (5–0)

MIDEAST Before gunning down Indiana, Kentucky used all its artillery to pulverize South Carolina 126–81 at home and then pop-gunned its way past Kansas 57–56 on the road. Leading the assault on the Gamecocks were Kyle Macy with 24 points and Sam Bowie with 23. The Jayhawks and Wildcats were tied 46–46 with six minutes to go, when Bowie, who had 17 points and 14 rebounds, put Kentucky in front for good with a dunk. What kept Kansas close were Darnell Valentine, who had 17 points, and a defense that forced 20 turnovers, 12 more than the Jayhawks committed.

In another early-week game, Georgetown shot .627 and had three more field goals than Indiana, but lost 76–69. Eric Floyd of the Hoyas scored 21 points, and teammate Craig Shelton had 23 as he made good on all 10 of his floor shots. In picking up their 1,000th victory, the Hoosiers did some fancy shooting of their own, Mike Woodson getting 23 points and freshman Guard Isiah Thomas scoring 10 of his 19 in the last five minutes.

Purdue's Keith Edmondson and Michigan's Mike Magee were other Big Ten players who displayed impressive marksmanship. Edmondson, a sophomore guard who had averaged a mere 8.3 points in the Boilermakers' first four games, missed only two of 13 field-goal attempts and had 27 points during a 78–56 rout of Nebraska. Magee had 54 points

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MICHAEL BROOKS: The 6′ 7½″ senior center scored 33 points as La Salle beat Rider 102–59, then was named MVP at the Cougar Classic, where his 74-point total helped the Explorers finish second to BYU

as the Wolverines defeated Detroit 85–72 and Dayton 69–54.

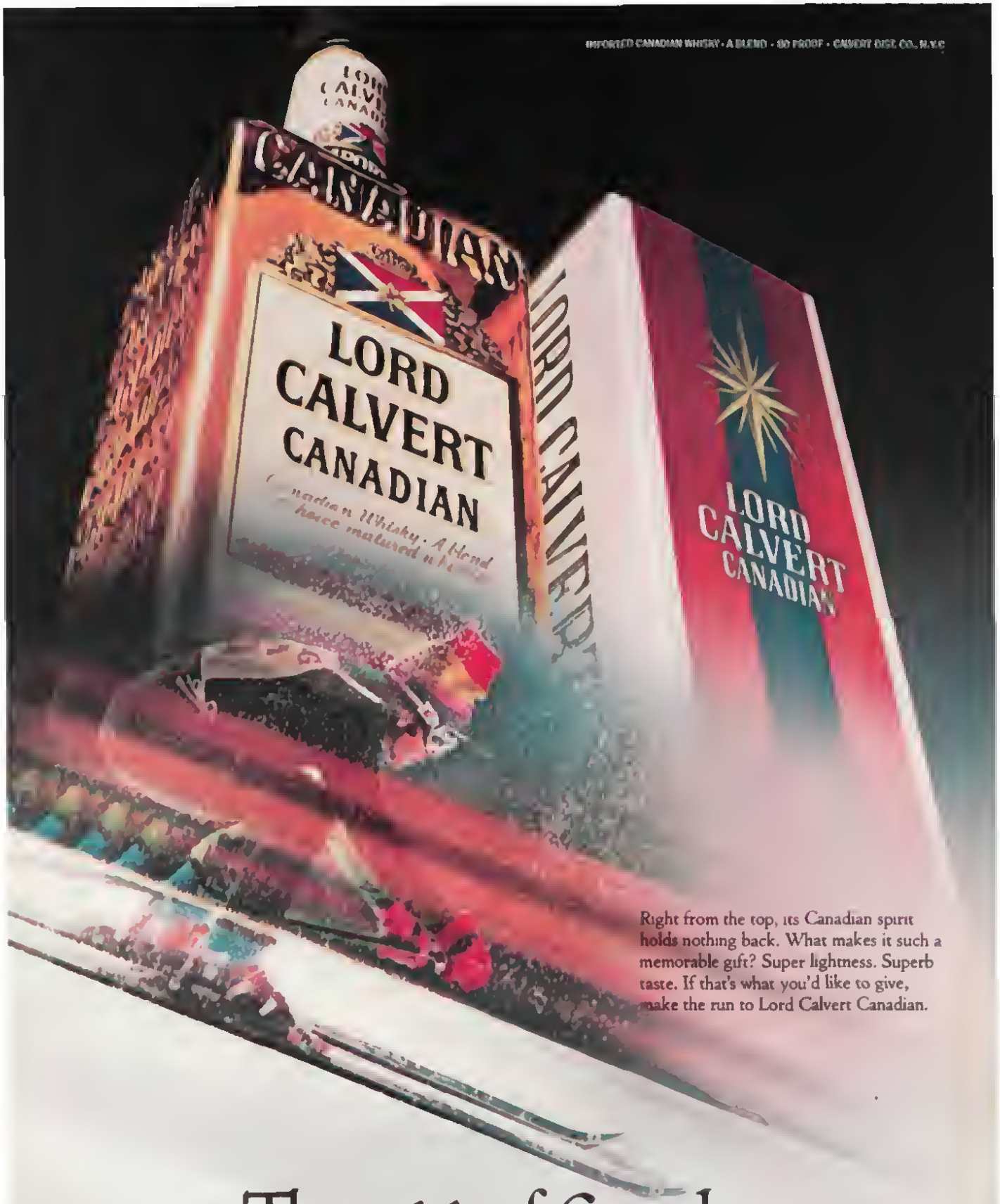
"Basketball used to tear me up inside," DePaul Coach Ray Meyer said. "Ten, 15 years ago, I began a gradual change to a belief that life doesn't depend on winning." Nonetheless, Meyer was no doubt pleased by a trio of victories. Before beating UCLA (*page 30*), his Blue Demons defeated Texas 66–60 and won 57–55 in overtime at Northern Illinois. DePaul's offense almost came to a standstill in the final seven minutes against the Longhorns, producing only four points. Mark Aguirre of the Demons followed up his 20-point effort in that game with 22 points against Northern, the last two coming when he converted both ends of a one-and-one foul situation with no time left in the extra period. That gave Meyer his 600th win, making him the seventh college coach to reach that plateau.

Two days after beating UCLA, Notre Dame breezed past St. Joseph's of Indiana 79–58, even though starters Rich Branning and Kelly Tripucka were out with injuries. The Irish quickly zipped in front, got 18 points from Tracy Jackson and coasted.

Mississippi State perked up in the second half at Florida, pulled away from a 33–33 halftime tie and took a 90–72 SEC win. Leading the Bulldogs were Kent Looney, a 25-point scorer, and Rickey Brown, the nation's No. 1 rebounder, who had 21 boards and 21 points.

Remember the Maine Louisiana State will do so fondly, after throttling the Black Bears 103–81, topping 100 points for the third time in four outings.

1.OHIO STATE (5–0)
2.KENTUCKY (7–1) 3.INDIANA (4–1)



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The Italians get the boot

Despite the throbbing arias of a 350-pound cheerleader, Italy was defeated in the Davis Cup finals by the United States, as Smith and Lutz rendered their last duet

For those keeping score at the Davis Cup final in San Francisco last week, the end result was U.S. 5, Italy 0, with John McEnroe earning a couple of perfect 10s. And, oh yes, the crowds at San Francisco's downtown Civic Auditorium were near-capacity 6,000, and PBS did another commendable job with its TV coverage. But the local headlines echoed the general lack of interest across the U.S.—*Examiner*: NORTH BEACH EXCITED? WELL, HARDLY.

This was a continuation of the domestic feelings toward the Cup for a good part of the last decade. When the American teams ushered in tennis' open era by winning the competition five years in succession (1968-72), that was considered fairly nice, but who were Bill Bowrey of Australia, Christian Kuhnke of West Germany and those other characters we were beating? Yawn.

Then came five empty years (1973-77) in which the U.S. got cuffed around on foreign soil by the likes of Colombia and Argentina, and a few people got excited and wanted to know what was the matter. They concluded the matter was Jimmy Connors, who refused to play. Connors was a mercenary. Sure. A traitor. Of course. A very bad guy. Naturally. Then Connors deigned to play in 1976, and Raul Ramirez nailed him in Mexico City in four sets. So it was just a shame about American tennis, but what happens next?

What happened was John McEnroe. Now that, in one year, McEnroe has won 28 straight sets of singles in Cup play, has helped the U.S. team win back the huge silver chalice with a 4–1 victory over England at Palm Springs last December and has led the defense in last week's shutout of Italy, everyone is yawning again. Come clean, American tennis fans. Have you hugged the Davis Cup today?

The fact is that it may be very difficult to stage a competitive Davis Cup over the next few years, what with the number of American players crowding the top of the international rankings. McEnroe, Connors (who says he wants to play Davis Cup again) and Vitas Gerulaitis (the American team's other singles performer last week) are, in that order, three of the top five players in the world. Roscoe Tanner, Eddie Dibbs, Harold Solomon and Brian Gottfried are Top 10 material. Then there are the young monsters: Peter Fleming, Brian Teacher, Hank Pfister, Eliot Teltscher. A couple of dark-horse threats: Tim Wilkison, John Sadri. And 17-year-old Scott Davis. If Captain Tony Trabert could get them all to play, he would have several teams capable of holding on to the Cup.

"I don't think the situation is getting out of hand," Trabert says, referring to the American reign, "because a country needs just two good players to win the Cup. But we are the deepest."

"Too deep," said Paolo Bertolucci, the Italian doubles specialist, last week. "If the United States would play its fourth or fifth team this time, it would win."

As if the odds weren't stacked against them enough, the Italians' effort was wracked with dissension virtually from the moment their supporting contingent—36 journalists and approximately 450 fans, including Italy's own Dancing Harry, 350-pound Singing Serafino—began walking the hills of San Francisco. This was Italy's third final in four years, and the veteran four-man squad of Adriano Panatta, Corrado Barazzutti, Antonio Zugarelli and Bertolucci this year had defeated Hungary, Great Britain and Czechoslovakia with only minimal trouble. However, much of the Italian press felt that 22-year-old Gianni Ocleppo, the team's practice partner, had surpassed Barazzutti and should have been put in the singles lineup alongside the No. 1 Italian, Panatta.

Further scrambling the picture was the death of the Italian captain, Umberto Bergamo, in an automobile accident in October. At Bergamo's funer- *continued*





When Panatta (below) called McEnroe "a new tennis phenomenon," Junior didn't disagree

al, Panatta vowed to play the finals with an empty chair where the captain normally sits and to be alone at the changeovers. In San Francisco, however, Barazzutti objected to that on the grounds that not having the new team coach, Vittorio Crotta, sitting courtside and advising the Italian players during changeovers would be another advantage for the U.S.

A tragicomic hassle ensued within the Italian federation, involving screaming arguments, closed-door meetings, team votes and several compromises. The first compromise was that when Panatta played, there would be an empty chair, when Barazzutti played, Crotta would be sitting by the court. But no. This was still unsatisfactory. More meetings. More screaming. As it turned out, both Crotta and the empty chair were present at all matches. Only Crotta was to sit in his own chair during play and to sit in *no* chair during the changeovers. That is, he stood up.

"In other words," said Rino Tommasi of Milan's *La Gazzetta dello Sport*, "no empty-chair issue any more. Empty heads."

When inspired, the debonair Panatta is one of the game's toughest competitors. He won the Italian and French Opens in 1976 and was strangling Connors at the U.S. championships in '78 before Jimbo survived after a miracle set.

At the draw for last week's matches—held in the Fairmont Hotel's ornate Gold Room several hours before a $500-a-plate fund raiser for the senior Senator from Massachusetts—the Italians felt they needed a Panatta-Gerulaitis opening match to get off winging. Instead, Gerulaitis drew Barazzutti.

His countrymen call Barazzutti "Il Soldatino" (the Little Soldier) for his tenacity and bravery on the clay. The American team named him, not so affectionately, "Banana Nose." Barazzutti is one of the great European whiners, complaining after line calls, hangdogging during the rough moments; he is not the most popular opponent on the circuit.

"Corrado doesn't think he can win on this [Supreme Court] surface," McEnroe said.

"I think Corrado is accurate, Junior," Gerulaitis said.

On Friday night Gerulaitis, as is his custom, started slowly, foot-faulting, double-faulting and finding himself behind 0–2, 30–40. But Barazzutti gambled on a backhand return, was wide and, as it happened, was soon gone. The G-Man ran off six games, including the final 14 points, to snatch the first set.

In the second, Barazzutti was again leading, 2–1, 15–30, when he turned sharply as Gerulaitis wrong-footed him, and he came up hopping wildly. The Little Soldier looked as if he had stumbled onto a land mine; just as fatal for Italy's hopes, what he had done was sprain his right ankle. Barazzutti continued through two more games, but then he had to retire, Gerulaitis winning 6–2, 3–2.



For Smith and Lutz, a straight set last hurrah

On came Panatta to face McEnroe, whose noisy but improving behavior in 1979 overshadowed a remarkable record for the Open era. McEnroe won 26 tournaments (10 singles, 16 doubles), breaking Ilie Nastase's 1973 mark by one.

On his very first serve Panatta, who must rely on booming deliveries and acrobatic volleying to prevail in big matches, unlimbered a cannon shot and rushed in only to notice that the ball had been whaled back and was about to drill a hole in his stomach. Panatta flicked up his racket just in time to prevent another KO, but the rest of the evening proceeded in the same fashion. Panatta playing well—"my best match indoors," he said—but McEnroe playing better, slugging impossible returns off the backhand wing.

Following his 6–2, 6–3, 6–4 defeat, Panatta confirmed what many non-Swedish observers have been saying all year that McEnroe is the best player in the world under a roof. "A new phenomenon of tennis," Panatta said of McEnroe.

"I won't argue," said Junior.

Another phenomenon wrapped up the U.S. win on Saturday: the doubles team of Stan Smith, 33, and Bob Lutz, 32, who have played Davis Cup since 1968. Inasmuch as they struggled in Cup play all season—they had a near loss against Argentina and an actual loss in Australia, which amazingly was their first defeat in Davis Cup—and inasmuch as this was probably their last hurrah, the clinching point meant so much more.

"I thought about this being the end during the national anthem," Lutz said. "We wanted to win very badly and not go out over the hill."

While McEnroe's light-hearted, cutting remarks at the U.S. Open—"Smith and Lutz used to be great but they aren't anymore. They're as old as my parents"—must have rankled the doubles partners, all was forgotten Saturday afternoon when they slashed and poached as of old while taking apart Bertolucci and Panatta, 6–4, 12–10, 6–2.

The chubby Bertolucci prolonged the second set with some spectacular lunging at net, but the true suspense centered on whether the even more wonderfully rotund Seralino, who had been belting arias and waving his tiny Italian flags from a courtside box all afternoon, would get in an entire opera before Smith and Lutz had finished their work.

Serafino didn't, but Smith did add his name to the historical rolls. It was his sixth clinching Davis Cup match, putting him one ahead of Australia's Roy Emerson for the most ever, and his seventh appearance on a winning team, tying him for second with Bill Tilden, one behind Emerson.

Smith's chances of increasing those numbers were diminished with Trabert's announcement that he has already invited Fleming to join the team as half of the American doubles partnership for next season. But that simply puts another patriot closer to all the records.

Fleming's partner is McEnroe, together they won Wimbledon, the U.S. Open, the Masters and the WCT World Championship in 1979. Now Junior says he'll play Davis as long as he's wanted. Depending on your point of view—not to mention your country—that means the future of the Davis Cup may indeed be getting out of hand. **END**

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He's par for the course

If ruffed grouse shooting were handicapped like golf, Landy Bartlett of Dorset, Vt. would most assuredly qualify as a scratch competitor

People who discount hunting as a sport—a competitive game of skill, strength and chance—have never gunned for grouse. Ruffed grouse. Ruffed grouse in Northeastern thickets of thorn apples, alders, wild roses, maple saplings, poplars, briars and chin-high weeds.

The skill is in finding the birds, in spotting the blur of their leaf-brown wings against a tapestry of leaf-brown trees, in mounting a shotgun in a tangle of puckerbush and in shooting—often among tree trunks and branches—at a whirring, vanishing vision.

Stamina is required to walk five, 10, perhaps 15 miles through seemingly impenetrable briars, over fences, across swamps and through acres of slash, jumbled like giant jackstraws dumped haphazardly on the forest floor.

The chance is in the birds themselves, creatures of habit whose habit it is never to fly the same way, eat in the same place, hide in the same covert or be seen by the same hunter twice.

And the competition? Oh, the competition is so subtle. No records are kept—the greatest number of birds shot, or largest grouse killed by a 20-gauge shotgun in the No. 9 shot category; there are none of the statistics so important to the big-game hunter or fisherman. The competition in grouse shooting is much more sophisticated. It can involve hiding one's car from other hunters when working a favorite covert; in always remembering—and retelling as often as possible—the precise details of every bird shot; in owning a dog that never but *never* breaks point (in front of anyone); in hosting a grouse supper and offering everyone seconds. Subtle but fierce competition, that.

There is great sport in grouse hunting, all right, and dedicated grouse hunters pursue it with all the fanaticism of golfers or tennis players or joggers. And, like the majority of those enthusiasts, most grouse hunters are a mediocre lot.

If grouse hunting were scored like golf, par would be flushing a dozen birds, shooting one and missing all the others—but missing them with grace. There would be few scratch grousers about.

The Ruffed Grouse, the 915-page bible of the game published in 1947 by the Conservation Department of the State of New York to report the findings of 16 years of grouse research, says this: "The average seasonal bag of grouse per grouse hunter has varied from .95 to 4.9 birds per hunter in New York State. . . . The daily bag of grouse hunters on check areas was about one-third grouse per actual hunting day of 5¾ hours."

One-third of a grouse per day. Truly mediocre. And even though those statistics are 32 years old, nothing indicates that they would be any different today—grouse are certainly no dumber or more numerous; hunters are no smarter. One-third of a grouse: far from scratch grouse.

But, as in other sports, there are a few who play the game really well. Like golfers on the tour, tennis players on the circuit, and runners in the New York or Boston Marathon who draw those single-digit numbers, there are grouse hunters who excel far beyond the reach of the masses. Consequently, they become the heroes of the game.

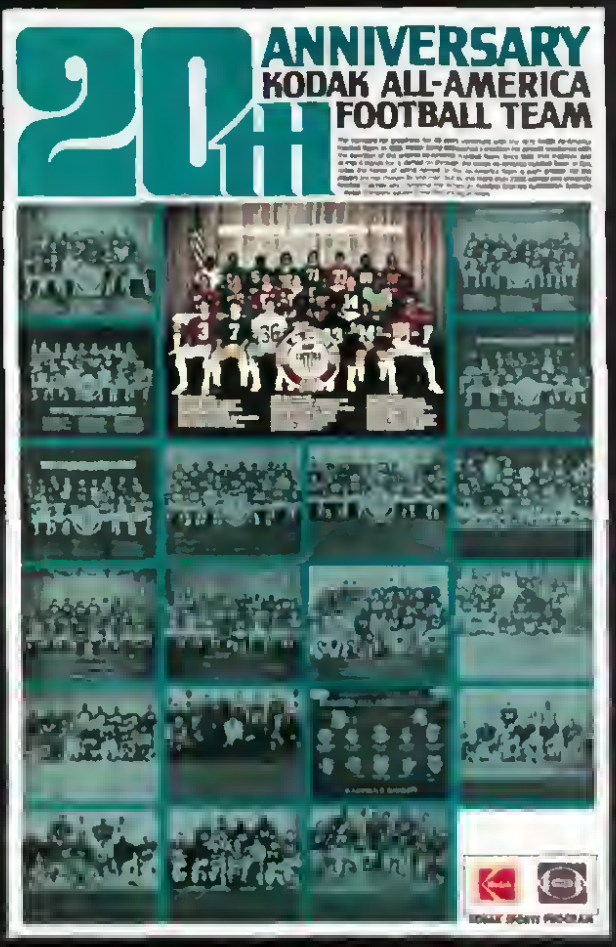
They are not public figures. Their names and reputations are known to but a few friends—those who share their secret coverts, hunt over their dogs, or dine at their tables. They shoot a lot of grouse, but they do so only because they know that hunting pressure,



Bartlett modestly gives Ruff, his Brittany spaniel, most of the credit for his success

continued

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even by them, the straight-shooting, brush-busting, hard-walking heroes of the game, has little or no effect on grouse populations. (Some biologists speculate that hunters may actually help maintain stable grouse populations by controlling numbers during years of high growth, thereby limiting the spread of parasites and diseases that can cripple vast numbers of birds.)

Every grouse hunter has one hero; I have a particularly estimable one. Last year he shot some 50 or 60 grouse (no formal records, remember). The year before that he shot some 50 or 60. The year before *that* he shot some 50 or 60. And the years before those he shot a lot more grouse, but he was younger then, didn't have kids and hunted more, so much more that his memory of those days blurs into one long flush, point, BOOM.

Chances are good that this year he will shoot some 50 or 60 grouse, too. He will do that in fewer than 25 days of hunting, because, although the season here in Vermont runs from the end of September until the first of the year, my hero does not hunt on weekends, during the deer seasons (bow and rifle), or after the first snow.

Twenty-five days of hunting—one foot in front of the other, head down, straight through the puckerbush hunting—is a lot of hunting, granted. More hunting than most upland gunners see in several years. My hero can get all that time in because he has got some money; he doesn't have to work. But no one I know begrudges him his independence. Like the old saw about the rich and the poor, he works at grouse hunting harder than most people work at work. Here in Vermont, where the Puritan ethic still runs strong, working hard at something—be it grouse hunting or baling hay—is what counts. Furthermore, anyone who can tell a grouse from a chicken knows that being a great grouse hunter is not purely a function of spending a good deal of time at it. Remember the average grouser and his one-third of a grouse per day. In 25 days he would have only 8⅓ grouse to brag about.

My hero's name is Clay Sutherland Bartlett, but since he was a child everyone has called him Landy, a contraction of his middle name. He is 40 now, but Landy still suits him, because he is one of those young 40s, one of the lucky ones who still have hair and can wear it shaggy-long, who still walk with the loose, fluid gait of an athlete in his prime.

Landy would never willingly tell you how many grouse he shoots or that he hunts particularly well. He would tell you of his reverence for the bird, of his fear that developers will someday slice up his coverts like a small birthday cake at a large party. He might even talk some about his dog Ruff, giving him the credit for whatever success you may deduce he has had over the years.

But others will talk about him with awe and admiration. They will not dwell on the numbers, because grouse hunters disdain such flash. They will talk, instead, of Landy's grit in the field, of his intuitive ability to follow a flushed bird and flush it again, of his quick reflexes, of his confident shooting, of his grace in gliding through the puckerbush, and of his dedication to the game. They talk of him as one talks of an athlete, and that he is, an athlete who plays the game of grouse in the Northeastern thickets of thorn apples, alders, wild roses, maple saplings, poplars and briars. Listen:

It is 7:30 on a dim October morning. A pearly fog sulks in the valleys. The temperature holds at 45°. Sensible people curl up to their wood stoves to sip coffee. But Landy is going after grouse.

He dresses lightly, despite the damp chill: nylon-faced brush pants, a tan chamois shirt over another of light wool, no hat and new L. L. Bean boots—new because he walks the bottoms off a pair each year.

Into the back of his yellow Jeep Wagoneer he tosses a brush-busted game vest, split-suede gloves and a box of No. 9 Winchester AA skeet loads. Then, more tenderly, he slides his 20-gauge Model 21 Winchester behind the seat. He bought that gun and a matching 12-gauge at an estate sale 15 years ago for $1,500 the pair. He sold the 12-gauge to the local plumber for $700, so the 20 ran him only $800. A bargain: It would cost around $7,000 new today. That double, with a choked improved cylinder and modified with 26-inch barrels, is the only gun he uses—the only gun he would think of using.

In the back of the Jeep, amid empty shells and scattered feathers, is a cage holding Ruff and Ruff's blanket. Ruff is a 7-year-old Brittany, a dog not of field-trial stock but of local parentage, a dog, as Landy puts it, "with common sense and a birdy nose." Ruff is still coming off his summer feed of peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches vacuumed from the hands of Landy's two kids, so there is still some heft about his ribs, but he will run that off in a week. Ruff loves the game of grouse as much as his master.

We drive for 20 miles, away from the factory outlets, fudge shops and ski stores that have taken over so much of southern Vermont, toward the overgrown farmland of grouse country. Along the way Landy points out old orchards now speckled with second homes and swales of alder and maple and poplar circumscribed by posted signs, and he laments the changes he has seen in 20 years of grousing: "See those apples over there? That used to be a heck of a covert. I got 27 birds out of there one year. But look at the houses in there now." Then, in resignation, he adds, "God, but this grouse hunting is so much a part of me that I take this stuff, these buildings, as almost a personal attack."

But the flashy second homes soon turn into more typical Vermont houses, some covered in tar paper, some of unpainted wood. The road narrows and the blacktop ends. Ruff feels the bumps and begins to whine and yelp, because he knows the game is near. So do we, and we talk of grouse.

"Well, just about everything has been said about this game," says Landy. "I don't do anything really special. I walk hard. I'll go eight or 10 miles in a day—7:30 till 5. And I'll cover an area thoroughly. Sometimes, you know, if you go back through a piece two hours after you first work it, you'll find new birds have moved in.

"I don't do much to prepare for the season, although I should. Any grouse hunter should. It is the hardest hunting, physically, I know of. Running would probably be good, but the best thing is just getting out in the woods and walking. Nothing else gets you in shape for all the hills and the mud and the barbed wire. God, I must fall on my face a dozen times a day! I used to shoot some clay birds, but I was always terrible at it. Just embarrassing. So I don't do *that* anymore, although I probably should. But I've seen it work for a lot of people, that and getting a gun that fits, because with grouse—well, you know this—with grouse you just don't have time to do anything much but throw the gun up and fire, and it's better to fire where you are looking.

"If I have developed any special knack

continued

over the years it is sort of a sixth sense to follow a bird after a flush, follow it up for a second or a third flush. That's important. And if you can get another peek at him, he'll sit for you longer than he did on that first flush, and you can get a better shot.

" 'Course, he really does all the work." Landy jerks his head toward Ruff. "We work well together, old Ruff and I, because I hunt alone most of the time. We work as a team. For example, when Ruff's on point, I always try to get around in front of him and come in on him head on. That way we box the bird in between us. If you come in behind the dog, the bird is apt to run. And sometimes we'll get a bird pinned down so tight that I'll have to toss a shell at Ruff to get him to bump the bird. He'll creep up on a running bird, but he usually won't bump a point. But, you know all this...." Which is one of Landy's favorite phrases, and a nice one it is, for it makes the bungler feel as if he is up to the hero's game.

We come to a barrier across the road and pull off. Ruff pops out of the car to sniff the edge of the road. Landy fills his pockets with shells. I ask him about the light loads he uses, and he tells me that he will switch to an ounce of No. 8 shot when the leaves are down and grouse occasionally can be gunned at long range. But now, early in the season when the trees are still full, when the grouse are up and gone in the blink of an eye, when the shooting is close or nothing, seven-eighths of an ounce of No. 9s will do.

The hunt begins. We drop down a draw lined with thorn apples and briars. Ruff courses ahead. His stub of a tail vibrates like a metronome gone mad. He sucks in scent in barely audible whuffs, rhythmic counterpoint to his jangling bell, which plays the tune of a nervous temple dancer.

Landy is close up to Ruff. He carries his gun in one hand, grasped by the pistol grip with the stock wedged under his forearm. While I trip over fallen branches, he slides by them quickly, bobbing and weaving in a half crouch. At the bottom of the draw, Ruff's bell falls silent. Landy spots him to the left, locked on a point. He glides toward him, whispering, "Easy, Bucko, easy Buck." "Buck" is Landy's nickname for things close and dear. He calls his son Buck, too.

Landy offers me the shot, but I am 10 yards behind, puffing, and I defer. He moves in, crouched over with the Winchester still in one hand. "Looks like a woodcock from the way he's holding so tight," he says, and a second later a woodcock spirals up from under Ruff's nose, twists in the air and darts to the left on whistling wings.

But Landy is too quick. Without coming out of his crouch, he mounts his gun and fires. It is a gunfighter's move—pure reflex. There is no conscious tracking, no calculated aiming. The gun fires the moment it touches his shoulder, and the woodcock falls.

"Find the birdie, Bucko. Birdie over here, Ruff." Ruff vacuums the leaves for scent, finds the bird and brings it in. "Damn, I really hate to shoot these little guys. They're migratory and they get shot at all along their route. But when I get a good point, I've got to gun one for Ruff. You've got to shoot for the dog, but I really try not to shoot many of them any more. Heck, I used to shoot them hard. Five years ago I popped 140 or so."

We hunt on for an hour and a half. There is scant talk between master and dog. No whistle blowing. No shouting. Occasionally, Landy will speak to Ruff like the old hunting partner he is: "Why don't you try over here, Bucko," or, "Come on, Ruff, let's get to work." When Ruff accidentally bumps a bird, which both of us miss, Landy only mutters, "Will you look at that fool dog. Bucko, what's wrong with you today?" Then he chastises himself for his shooting, although he had hesitated to give me the first shot. "That was one of the best shots I've had this season, and I missed that bird clean. Fool grouse came out of there sounding like a washerwoman shaking out a wet rag. Damn, how could I have missed." I had missed it with a certain grace, and for that was quite pleased.

We hunt on until noon, flushing several birds, most of which I shoot at and miss. Ruff, we believe, is scowling at us, so we head back to the car and drive to the general store in Danby Four Corners for a lunch of ham and cheese on white, Cokes and Snickers bars.

Most people hunt grouse in the morning and the late afternoon, the times of day when the birds are most apt to be out feeding in the fall, but Landy hunts all day, in rain and snow, in hardwood stands, where grouse sometimes feed on beechnuts, and in more traditional coverts of overgrown farmland.

By 2 I am exhausted; Landy is fresh and excited about "a hell of a covert just at the top of the ridge." We trudge up, tight to Ruff, who has not varied his gait from a purposeful trot all day.

Halfway up the hill, from the far side of an old apple tree, a grouse erupts and crests the ridge full out at 40 mph. I see only a flash of wings, but Landy sees, or feels, more. His sixth-sense radar has locked in. "I think we can get another peek at that bird," he says, so we double-time over the top, off to the right and down into a pit of briars, thorn apples and wait-a-minute vines.

Then the temple bell stills. "Ruff's on him," says Landy.

"He's yours. I'll back you up from here," I answer from the iron-maiden grip of thorns.

Landy closes in on Ruff, head on, and finally, when the bird cannot stand it anymore, cannot take that stretched-out dog and the stalking man, it catapults out. Landy pivots like a second baseman making a double play, mounts his gun and fires. A halo of fine feathers fills the air. The grouse is down. Ruff brings it in.

"God, but that is a beautiful bird," says Landy. He spreads its wings like a seamstress examining a fine piece of cloth. "I get such a surge of adrenaline, such a thrill when I shoot, but it's not a 'get-even' feeling. If only I could do it somehow so they could get up and fly away."

He pauses, stroking the tail of the bird, which is in the gray phase, then adds, "You know, though, if I ever thought I was contributing to wiping out grouse, I'd hang up my gun. But we'll come back here in two hours, and there will be another bird in here, and next year there'll be others to take their places."

By 5:30 we are back at the car. Ruff hops into his cage and falls fast asleep. I have finally taken two woodcocks; Landy has one woodcock and two grouse. I have been unduly embarrassed and consider the day to have been a good one—two handicap at worst. Landy is dejected. It has been, he says, the worst day of shooting he has had all year, and on the drive home he apologizes profusely for the few birds Ruff bumped, for the trees that got in the way, for the fickleness of grouse, for the briars and for the sandwiches.

"But that's what makes grouse hunting such a grand sport," I mumble.

"Well, hell, you're right," he says, and then, like a true hero, adds, "And God, how I love this game." END

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by Anthony Cotton



Marshall received a hero's accolade when he played the last home game of his Minnesota career

A man for 20 seasons

Old Indestructible, Jim Marshall of the Vikings, retires after 302 straight games

Last Sunday in Foxboro, Mass., Jim Marshall, age 41, did what has come naturally to him on autumn Sundays for the past 19 years. He lined up at right defensive end for the start of a Minnesota Vikings game. There were no marching bands or halftime ceremonies, only a brief P.A. announcement that this time would be the last time for Jim Marshall.

The big goodby had been said the previous Sunday in Bloomington, Minn., where Marshall was honored for his long service with the Vikings. After he rode around Metropolitan Stadium in an old red convertible, Marshall was toasted by his teammates at midfield before the game against the Buffalo Bills.

In that game Marshall sacked Quarterback Joe Ferguson twice, and he even played offensive tackle during the Vikings' final series. Minnesota won 10–3, and at the end Marshall was carried off the field by his teammates, with the game ball—the first one ever given to a Viking player by Coach Bud Grant—in his right hand and tears in his eyes.

So it really doesn't matter that the New England fans didn't fully appreciate what they were seeing. For against the Patriots, Marshall was playing his 282nd consecutive regular-season game—every game after the 224th, in 1975, was an NFL iron-man record. This man had been in professional football before there was a franchise in New England. He played in Canada for the Saskatchewan Roughriders in 1959 after leaving Ohio State a year early and then joined the Cleveland Browns in 1960. Minnesota traded for Marshall, and beginning with the Vikings' inaugural game against the Chicago Bears in 1961, he has started in every regular and postseason contest the Vikings have played—302 in all.

Marshall's record for longevity and durability may never be equaled in the NFL, where the average defensive lineman survives only 4.5 years and players other than quarterbacks don't last that long. How, then, was Marshall, who came into the league at 6′ 3″ and 220 pounds and is leaving at 6′ 4″ and 235 pounds, able to play pro football for 21 seasons?

"Jim would say it's the vitamins he takes or transcendental meditation or something else, but it's not true," says Fred Zamberletti, the Vikings' trainer for the past 19 years. "I've seen all that stuff come and go with him. He's just one of those people who has been blessed with a great body." Grant agrees, calling Marshall "a physiological impossibility. He just doesn't rip, bust or tear."

Marshall himself says his career endured so long because he *wanted* it to. "Why can't I play football until I'm 42? Only because someone my age isn't supposed to be able to. That's the mind's negative programming. The human body is the only thing we have that we can control to some degree, and the mental controls the physical. There are things we are physically capable of doing but push away from because our minds tell us to."

In his effort to "make the mind and body totally harmonious," Marshall has given a lot of thought to human behavior, and he has been able to play week after week despite the ankle sprains and concussions that might have sidelined lesser men. Twice Marshall kept his streak intact by walking out of hospitals where he was recuperating, once from pneumonia and this season from ulcers. On another occasion he played after accidentally shooting himself in the side while cleaning a shotgun.

Strangely, Marshall was regularly on the disabled list during the off-season, victim of a life-style that produced any number of close calls. He is an avid sky diver, scuba diver and snowmobiler. On one trip in the Wyoming mountains,

continued

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Marshall's party was trapped in a blizzard, and the group's snowmobiles conked out. One man froze to death in the waist-high snow. Marshall and the others had to resort to burning their money to produce heat.

Throughout his career Marshall stayed out of the spotlight. In the Purple People Eaters' heyday, Alan Page and Carl Eller received most of the attention—not Marshall, not Tackle Gary Larsen. When Page left the Vikings for the Bears and Eller departed for Seattle, publicity focused on their replacements, not on Marshall.

When this season began, Marshall was used only sparingly, sometimes giving way to Randy Holloway as early as the third or fourth defensive series. Critics said Grant was succumbing to sentimentality in keeping Marshall's streak alive at Holloway's expense. Marshall was philosophical about the situation. "For the future of the team, it had to happen," he said of his benchings. "When you play, it's like you're an artist. You put the colors on the canvas and see what happens. Maybe what I'm doing now is helping mix the colors. Things will work themselves out."

While Holloway was breaking in, Marshall was called on when Minnesota found itself in crucial situations—which happened all too often this season. His performance in the tight spots earned him more and more playing time.

"All the time you're playing, you're trying to refine what you do on the field, trying to fit it into the overall picture," he says. "If you do that, you can put your energy where it's needed, when it's needed, as opposed to putting your foot to the floor and burning yourself out."

By playing at his own sweet pace, Marshall avoided the trauma of the final days of Page and Eller, who were unceremoniously shipped out after what were considered poor seasons. "Sometimes you can go to a store and buy something that's very good for next to nothing because the store owners just want to get rid of it or start a new model," Marshall says. "That's their opinion, but you just hate to see something like we had severed."

What they had, according to Marshall, revolutionized football. "At our peak," he says, "we changed the game. Rules were passed to help teams adjust to us. The no-holding rules, the outlawing of the head slap—that was because of the things we did. We were like a SWAT team, a strike task force—quick and agile. Apart, we were entirely different, but put us together and we clicked. It got to the point where I knew what the others were going to to do the moment they started it. It was just understood."

Despite his positive achievements, Marshall is probably best remembered around the NFL as Wrong Way Marshall. In 1964 he scooped up a fumble, carried it 66 yards into the end zone and then jubilantly tossed the ball toward the stands. Trouble was, it was the wrong end zone. "I was so intent on picking the ball up and doing something with it that I wasn't even aware of what I had done until the ball had been whistled dead," Marshall recalls. "It was the perfect example of a young player using energy without thinking."

There was no such problem when Marshall made his decision to retire, a choice that pleased his wife, Anita. "I'm glad it's done," she says. "It has been fun, but inside you knew it had to end sometime. There were two ways that it could end—on top with dignity or the other way. I like the 'on top with dignity.'"

Marshall agrees. "I always said I would play as long as I could contribute and the team needed me, and I still feel like I could play another year or two, but it's time for a change," he says. "I'm a talented individual, and now I have to let those talents take me elsewhere.

"But everything is still so fresh to me. Some people saw the game as a drudgery, but things were always changing too fast for that to be true. Strictly speaking, it's still a game of moving the ball up and down the field, but things are more sophisticated, more disciplined now than five years ago, let alone 20. Back then someone like Big Daddy Lipscomb could cross the line of scrimmage and handle the entire offensive backfield through sheer physical ability. Today's defenses are too complex for that because of the roles each player has, because of the things offenses can do. Someone like Big Daddy isn't going to happen today."

And it's doubtful that another Jim Marshall will come along tomorrow. **END**



Marshall cut cake for all his teammates but saved the biggest piece of all for himself

by Bruce Newman

Journey's end for A.D.?

His fourth team in four seasons should be Adrian Dantley's last—unless, of course, the struggling Utah Jazz, like the Braves, Pacers and Lakers, up and trade him, too

There is an expression common among grain dealers, fishmongers and the various NBA deep thinkers who have, at one time or another, traded away Adrian Dantley. The expression is "giving good weight." At 6′ 5″ and 210 pounds, Dantley has always given good weight. According to NBA dribblespeak, he is either the best small power forward in the league or the game's preeminent big small forward; wherever he has gone he has always performed better than the player he was traded for.

Dantley has played only three full seasons in the pros, and in that time he has been Rookie of the Year for the Buffalo Braves, and been traded; been the second-leading scorer in the league for the Indiana Pacers, and been traded; been the second-leading scorer and rebounder (to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) for the Los Angeles Lakers, and been traded. Last week Dantley was giving plenty of good weight to his new team—the Utah Jazz. His scoring average was 29.4, third best in the league behind San Antonio's George Gervin (31.8) and San Diego's Lloyd Free (31.2). "I'm just a piece of meat," says the much-traveled Dantley, "but I know I'm a *good* piece of meat."

If Dantley is puzzled by his forced march around the NBA, he isn't the only one. "He's a great player and we worked hard to get him," says Utah General Manager Frank Layden. "Three other teams made serious mistakes about him."

All Dantley did in his rookie season was average 20.3 points a game for a bad Buffalo team, thereby establishing himself, at least in the shrewd judgment of team owner John (Why?) Brown, as trade fodder. Brown was in such a lather to get Forward Billy Knight from Indiana that he gave up both Dantley and Mike Bantom for him. The Pacers, meanwhile, decided they weren't going to get enough help from the draft. They needed a big center, so when Los Angeles offered seven-foot James Edwards, Earl Tatum and cash for Dantley and Dave Robisch, Dantley was gone again.

"A lot of times people get traded because they don't produce or they don't get along with management," Dantley says, "but I've played better than anyone I've been traded for, and I get along with everyone all right. So now people come to me and ask me what's wrong, why am I always getting traded? They can see I'm playing well, so they think I must have a bad attitude."

Oddly, if there was a problem with Dantley's attitude in Los Angeles, it was that he didn't seem to *have* an attitude, or at least didn't have one sufficient to keep the Lakers from being a bore to watch. When Jack McKinney took over as head coach at Los Angeles, he ordered out for a big forward—the Lakers' other forward was Jamaal Wilkes, who is 6′ 6½″ and 190 pounds—and the Jazz obliged him with Spencer Haywood, one for one.

On the whole, Wilkes has never been either the scorer or rebounder Dantley is, so eyebrows were raised when Wilkes was kept and Dantley was let go. "I don't think anybody in the league thinks Wilkes is a better player than Dantley," says Utah Coach Tom Nissalke. "I think they made a real mistake with A.D."

Dantley has been troubled by these dislocations, and why not? He is 23, skillful at what he does, and yet the way Dantley sees it he has been fired from every job he's had. "It's been tough," he says. "No ballplayer wants to get traded, because it hurts your pride, makes you feel like you aren't wanted, like you didn't do the job you were asked to do. One thing I can say is that I've adjusted real well to every team I've played for. I've played just about every role they've got."

Dantley has always been high-strung, and being bounced around from one new home to another hasn't contributed to his composure. When he is nervous his left shoulder twitches violently, and kids on playgrounds all over Salt Lake City have begun to imitate the Dantley Twitch. Often he is exhausted going into a game because he is unable to get to sleep much before 5 a.m. after having played the night before.

His insomnia has not been lessened by his travels. "Sometimes I think these owners just trade for the sake of trading," he says. "Each of those guys I've played for has told me, 'You're going to be here, buy a house, you're going to end your career here.' I've heard that so many times it's ridiculous. They say, 'Trust me, trust me.' But I don't trust anybody anymore. I hate to get close to people now, and I feel bad that I've never had a home, but I think I'm at the point where if I got traded again, it wouldn't bother me. I just go out and play my game and don't bother anybody."

When Dantley was shipped to Utah in September he had been in Los Angeles for a season and a half, but some of his Buffalo mail was still catching up. When he was told that he was being traded to Utah, the prospect didn't thrill him. "It really didn't hit me until about three or four days later when I got to Salt Lake," he says. "Then it hurt. I was alone in my hotel room, and all of a sudden I had tears coming out of my eyes."

Unhappily for the Lakers, points were coming out of Dantley's fingers the second time L.A. and Utah played this season. Hitting 21 of 27 shots against an assortment of small forwards, big forwards and huge centers, Dantley scored 50 points—the second highest this season—in a 122–118 loss to L.A. "When I play against the teams that have traded me," Dantley says, "I take it kind of personal."

"There's no one player in the league

who has shown me yet he can handle Dantley," says Nissalke. "He shows how meaningless this big-forward, small-forward stuff is. A.D.'s just so strong and so tenacious you can't stop him inside."

When Portland played the Jazz recently, Coach Jack Ramsay first put 6′ 9″ Maurice Lucas on Dantley, then 6′ 8″ Kermit Washington, next 6′ 8″ Abdul Jeelani and finally, when the game went into overtime, 6′ 9″ Jim Brewer. Dantley scored 10 of Utah's 11 points in the extra period and finished with a total of 34. Jeelani later described defending against Dantley as "a nightmare."

"A.D. may have the best body control inside of any player his size," says Seattle Forward Paul Silas. "Everybody else on their team plays a perimeter game, so Dantley not only scores a lot of points, he scores important points. Without him they wouldn't *have* any inside game. Without him they wouldn't have won the games they've won."

A fairly good outside shooter when he was a doughy 235-pounder at Notre Dame, Dantley has a sleeker look in the pros and he is quicker, but it's his great strength that makes him so formidable in the heavy traffic underneath the basket. "He gets as good inside position as anybody," says Denver Forward George Johnson, "and once he gets the ball he's nearly impossible to stop because he's such a bull. It's like trying to stop Walter Payton."



Dantley is the Jazz' sweetest note in Utah



If it's 1979, it must be Salt Lake City—Dantley can tell by the Wasatch Mountains in the background

Dantley disputes some of this, particularly the notion that he relishes being guarded by aircraft-carrier-sized players like Maurice Lucas. "I'm no power forward," he says. "It burns me up to hear people say I am. If I was 190 pounds you wouldn't hear that bull, but because I'm the strongest guy on the team, people expect me to be a power forward. I adjust my game to the opponents I play against. How much I can do depends on how Adrian Dantley's body feels; sometimes the body will, sometimes the body won't. One way or the other, I know those big forwards are going to give me a whooping if I go inside."

If his body can sustain the pounding he puts it through night after night, Dantley will continue to be the cornerstone of Layden's rebuilding plans for the Jazz. Since the benching of 31-year-old Pete Maravich nearly three weeks ago, Dantley has become an even more important cog in the Jazz' fortunes, and lately those fortunes have been good. Utah lost 19 of its first 21 games this season but then turned around and won six of nine. After that horrendous start, the Jazz appear to be on the threshold of respectability, and, having had 26 players in uniform since arriving in Salt Lake City, are happy to be there.

"We're like an expansion franchise," says Layden, "only worse. I'm going to get rid of the losers. We'll just keep changing until we get guys who can win. Adrian is that kind of player. The ironic thing is that Dantley is probably the guy most responsible for the demise of Pete. If we didn't have Dantley, we'd need Pete's points and drawing power. Having Dantley made Pete expendable."

For his part, Dantley is adjusting to his new role in his new town on his latest team. All he will say about Salt Lake City is that, "It's not L.A.," and then his shoulder begins to twitch. "It's nice to be in a winning situation," he says, "but usually you find out who the tough guys are in losing situations."

In the manner of all good wheeler-dealers, Layden can't help gloating over the steal he got in Dantley. "I think his market value right now is much greater than it was three months ago," Layden says. "We could get a lot more than Spencer Haywood for him now. But, of course, Adrian's not going anywhere. Right after he got to Salt Lake City a rumor went around that we were thinking of trading him, so I went to Adrian and told him there's no way we'd trade him. We want to build around him. We want Adrian Dantley to finish his career here." END



YOUR CHANCE TO BE A CHAMP

By EDWIN B. KANTAR

If you've ever wondered what it's like to play bridge in a world championship, take a seat at the table. The eight hands shown here were drawn from the Bermuda Bowl, which was held in Rio de Janeiro last October. The writer was a member of the six-man U.S. team that competed against five other nations in a 480-deal round robin, then edged Italy in the final. The winning margin was a mere five International Match Points, narrowest in the Bowl's 29-year history, so it's clear that every decision was important. And each of yours will be, too. For every hand you "play" correctly, you will receive 50 points. When you're finished turn the page to see how you did.

NORTH

North-South vulnerable



SOUTH

3 It is early on in the round robin and you are playing against the Far East when this intriguing hand appears.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	3♥	3♠
4♣	PASS	4♥	4♠
PASS	PASS	5♥	PASS
PASS	DBL	PASS	PASS
PASS			

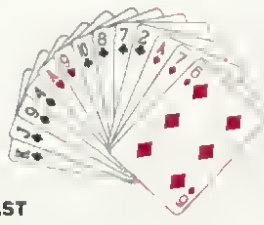
Opening lead Ace of spades.

At trick two, West shifts to the nine of clubs, East following with the five. You lead the heart king from dummy, all following. Now what?

NORTH



Both sides vulnerable



EAST

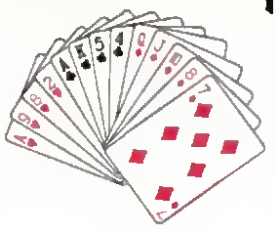
6 You are playing East for Brazil in the third round of qualifying. Your team has no chance of making the finals, but your desire to do your best remains. Can you salvage some self-esteem on this hand?

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1♣	PASS
1♦	PASS	3♣	PASS
3NT	PASS	PASS	PASS

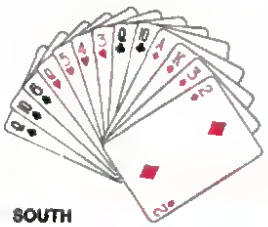
Opening lead Three of hearts.

You win with the ace and declarer plays the seven. What next?

NORTH



North-South vulnerable



SOUTH

1 You are playing for Australia in the second qualifying match against the U.S., and a critical hand appears. Are you ready for it?

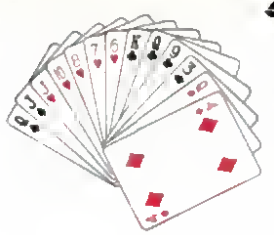
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♦	2♥*	4♥**	4♠
DBL	PASS	5♣	PASS
5♦	PASS	6♦	DBL
PASS	PASS	PASS	

**Weak jump overcall.*
***Cue bid for diamonds*

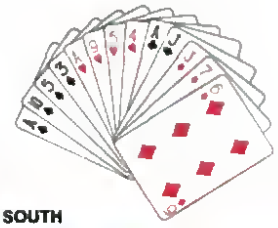
Opening lead: Two of spades

You ruff in dummy with the seven and play the queen of diamonds, all following, and then play a diamond to the king. West discarding the seven of hearts. How do you continue?

NORTH



North-South vulnerable



SOUTH

2 You are playing for Italy in your first World Championship, and your partner is the renowned Benito Garozzo. You are in the finals, in which each of the deals is crucial. Can you find the winning line on this one?

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♥
PASS	4♥	PASS	PASS
PASS			

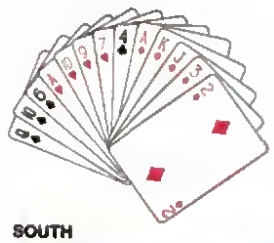
Opening lead: Seven of spades. East plays the two.*

*This lead could be low from an honor, second highest from four small, or either high or low from three small. No one ever said bridge was easy.

NORTH



East-West vulnerable



SOUTH

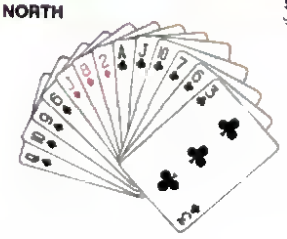
4 Another hand from the finals against Italy. On your left is the great Giorgio Belladonna, on your right his very competent partner, Vito Pittala. Tension is high.

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	PASS	1♥	1♠
3♥	PASS	4♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

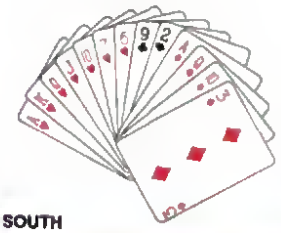
Opening lead: Six of diamonds.

You play the queen from dummy and East plays the ten, a suit preference signal for spades. How do you continue?

NORTH



Both sides vulnerable



SOUTH

5 Playing for Italy in the qualifying rounds against the U.S., you run into a deal that is going to either cost or win you a bushel of points.

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	1♠	DBL	PASS
3♠	PASS	3♣	PASS
3NT	PASS	4♥	PASS
5♠	PASS	6♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: Three of spades.

You try the ten from dummy and ruff East's jack. You play four rounds of trumps, West following, while East discards two spades. From dummy, you discard a club and three spades. At trick six, you lead the nine of clubs. West follows with the king. Plan the play.

NORTH



North-South vulnerable



WEST

7 You are playing for the U.S. against the Far East. If your team wins it, you will only have to spot Italy 24 IMPs over the final 96 boards. If your team loses, you will have to spot the Italians 37 IMPs.

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
PASS	1♠*	♠	2♦
3♠**	4♥	PASS	PASS
PASS			

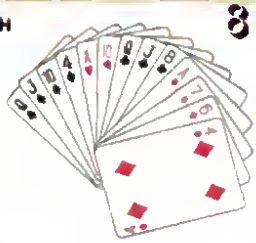
**Precision: 16 or more high-card points.*
***At least four-card support.*

Opening lead: King of spades

Partner plays the ten*** and declarer the six. Plan your defense.

***By partnership agreement, shows four spades

NORTH



Neither side vulnerable



WEST

8 Back in the building again. You are now locked in a death struggle with Italy in the finals. One mistake could be fatal.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2♠*	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

**Six-card suit, 8–12 high-card points.*

You toy with leading the king of diamonds but settle on the more conservative six of spades. Dummy wins the ten, and partner discards the deuce of hearts. At trick two, declarer leads a spade to his ace, partner discarding the five of hearts, then he leads the four of clubs. Plan your defense.

CONTINUED

THE ANSWERS

1

NORTH		
♠ –		
♥ A982		EAST
♦ Q31087		♠ AKJ8742
♣ AK54		♥ –
		♦ 965
SOUTH		♣ 863
♠ Q106		
♥ Q543		
♦ AK32		
♣ Q10		

WEST
♠ 953
♥ KJ1076
♦ 4
♣ 3972

Andrew Reiner, the young Australian star, never faltered on this one. He ruffed a second spade in dummy, crossed to his hand with the queen of clubs and ruffed his last spade in dummy. Next he cashed the ace-king of clubs, discarding a heart, and ruffed a club low in his hand.

At this point he was down to a high trump and three hearts. Both dummy and West were reduced to all hearts, and East had a trump with three spades remaining.

Reiner played his last trump and led a heart. My partner, Billy Eisenberg (West), had to play the ten—otherwise, Reiner would have been able to win with the nine—and Reiner allowed him to hold the trick. Eisenberg was now forced to lead away from his king of hearts, letting Reiner make his superbly played slam.

In the other room, our U.S. teammate, Paul Soloway, also played the hand at six diamonds but did not have the benefit of a heart bid from West. Accordingly he played East to have a singleton heart honor and went down one. 17 IMPs to Australia.

2

NORTH		
♠ Q3		
♥ 310876		EAST
♦ Q4		♠ K82
♣ KQ93		♥ 3
		♦ A10982
SOUTH		♣ 8652
♠ A1053		
♥ A954		
♦ 376		
♣ AJ		

WEST
♠ 9764
♥ KQ2
♦ K53
♣ 1074

Lorenzo Lauria, 32, the youngest Italian player in the World Championship, adopted an inferior line on this one. He ran the jack of hearts at trick two. Eisenberg won and found the diamond shift. Thus we were able to cash two diamonds and two hearts and beat the contract.

The better play is to lead a second spade honor to the ace (assuming East does not cover; if he does, the ten is good for a diamond discard) and cash the ace of hearts. If no heart honor falls, cash the ace-jack of clubs, ruff a spade in dummy and discard diamonds on the king-queen of clubs. This holds the defenders to two trump tricks and one diamond. If a heart honor falls under the ace, simply continue hearts, losing two diamonds and one heart.

In the other room, Bobby Goldman of the U.S. played four hearts from the North seat and received a low spade lead. He ducked in dummy, and when West did not produce the king, he was able to safely repeat the spade finesse to make his game contract. 12 IMPs for the U.S.

3

NORTH		
♠ 364		
♥ KQ73		EAST
♦ 8642		♠ KQ10983
♣ KQ		♥ 5
		♦ AQ1097
SOUTH		♣ 5
♠ 752		
♥ AJ964		
♦ –		
♣ AJ1032		

WEST
♠ A
♥ 1082
♦ K353
♣ 98764

I'm not proud of this one. I led a low heart to my hand, and when East showed out, I played a third heart. Next I cashed a second club in dummy, ruffed a diamond back to my hand and played off my good clubs, discarding spades from dummy. But with only one trump remaining in dummy I was only able to ruff one spade and thus made only 11 tricks.

After East shows out on the second trump, the correct move is to play a second club immediately. If everyone follows, six can't be made, but if East shows out, six is in the bag, by ruffing a diamond back to your hand, playing off your three high clubs—discarding two spades and a diamond—and crossruffing spades and diamonds.

It is true that all of this is for an overtrick, but in a close match you never can tell. Of course, if trumps are 2–2 the hand is cold for 12 tricks, given the spade block. However, if East somehow turns up with three trumps, you must draw the third trump at once.

In the other room our teammates, Malcolm Brachman and Mike Passell (East-West), bought the hand for four spades and went down one trick when South underled both of his aces to get two diamond ruffs! Nevertheless, the U.S. gained 13 IMPs on the board.

Because this hand was played in the round robin, it meant that it was also being played at three other tables. At one of them, a South player led a trump against four spades! Nevertheless, he wound up getting two diamond ruffs as East was unable to get off dummy without letting North in twice to give South two ruffs.

This lead prompted the VU-GRAPH commentator, Jean Besse, to make the following analysis of the lead: "At notrump, you lead the suit in which you wish to develop tricks, and South did the same thing at a suit contract. He wished to make spade tricks by ruffing diamonds, so he led spades!"

4

NORTH		
♠ KJ43		
♥ QJ85		EAST
♦ Q9		♠ 7
♣ K103		♥ K642
		♦ 1075
SOUTH		♣ Q3965
♣ Q106		
♥ A1097		
♦ AK332		
♣ 4		

WEST
♠ A9852
♥ 3
♦ 864
♣ A872

In the good old days, before I knew what I was doing, I used to take finesses and make my contracts. Nowadays I can figure out reasons not to take them. Look at what happened.

Fearing spade ruffs and hoping that West had either the blank king of hearts or three to the king, in which case East could not get a spade ruff, I led the queen of hearts to the ace! Thus I turned one spade ruff by East into two.

The winning play, of course, is to take a simple heart finesse at trick two, and continue with four rounds of the suit when East turns up with four cards in hearts. After playing four rounds of hearts, you must play the hand as if it were notrump. With West holding both aces, you make an overtrick.

In the other room, Lauria of Italy played the same contract from the North seat without a spade overcall from West. East, Goldman, led a club, and Lauria, who knows how to take finesses, had no trouble landing his contract for a swing of 11 IMPs to Italy.

continued

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Perfect Martini.

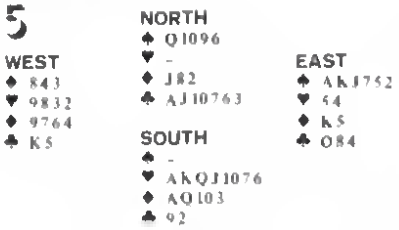


For a Perfect Martini, just pour Seagram's Gin gently over ice and forget the vermouth. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

5



No orthodox line of play works with this hand, but to get your 50 points even while going down you must duck the king of clubs. If West continues with a spade, discard a small club from dummy and ruff in your hand. Next, lead a club to the ace, hoping to drop a doubleton queen in the East hand. If the queen does not drop, lead the jack of diamonds from dummy and hope East has Kxx, in which case you still make your slam.

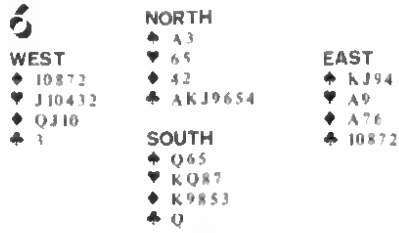
Ducking the club is necessary in case West started with Kxx and East Qx. Once West turns up with the king of clubs, East must have the king of diamonds, which means you should keep all three diamonds in dummy in case East has the king-nine doubleton. Then when you lead the jack, East covers, but the eight sets up when the nine falls under the queen.

On the actual hand the only winning play is to lead a *low* diamond from dummy, finesse the queen and then play the ace, dropping the doubleton king. An unlikely line of play.

The Italian, Arturo Franco, went down one in six hearts when he won the king of clubs—a clear error—and then led the jack of diamonds, eventually losing a diamond and a club. (East, Eisenberg, naturally covered the jack of diamonds. Otherwise this quiz would be written with tears.)

At the other table, Soloway-Goldman, East-West for the U.S., stopped at a peaceful four hearts, making five. 13 IMPs for the U.S.

6



Brazil's Gabriel Chagas won the ace of hearts and immediately returned the king of spades, thus with a flick of the wrist killing the club suit.

Eisenberg, the declarer, won and tried the ace-king of clubs. When that suit didn't break, he wound up going down one trick, taking three clubs, two spades, two hearts and one diamond. Of course, with any other return the hand is simple.

In the other room, Goldman, after a different bidding sequence, led the queen of diamonds against three no-trump. Soloway won the ace and, like Chagas, switched to the king of spades. The Brazilian declarer won the ace and led a heart from dummy. At this point Soloway must rise with the ace and continue spades or the hand can be made. Declarer can win the spade and duck a diamond. With diamonds breaking 3–3, declarer winds up making three diamonds, three clubs, two spades and heart.

However, Soloway ducked the heart but defeated the hand anyway. Declarer cashed three rounds of clubs and then led a second heart from dummy. Soloway won, cashed the high club and switched to a spade, holding declarer to eight tricks. No swing.

7



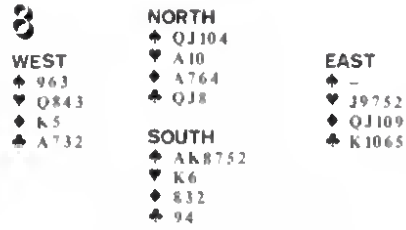
Eisenberg and I couldn't work this one out. Billy has to shift to a club at trick two to defeat the contract.

In actual practice Billy cashed the ace of spades and shifted to a diamond. However, once the ace of spades is cashed the hand is over as our club trick has gone *sayonara*.

After the hand we discussed the problem, and if it ever comes up again we will have the answer. Once a player is marked with four or five cards in a suit—the bidding had marked me with at least four spades—and partner leads the king with the queen in dummy, we are going to signal as follows, with five cards play the lowest, with four cards play the highest if you want a shift to the higher ranking side suit; play third highest if you want a shift to the lower ranking side suit; play second highest if you don't know what you want or have no clear preference.

Without that agreement we were floundering. In the other room, Goldman-Soloway arrived at a superior three no-trump, making four for a standoff.

8



In the entire World Championship, during which I played close to 500 hands, I consider this my worst error. I forgot to count declarer's tricks.

When partner discards the deuce of hearts at trick one, you know declarer has the king of hearts. That, along with a known six-card spade suit and the ace of diamonds, gives declarer nine tricks.

The defense must set up two diamond tricks before declarer develops his 10th trick in clubs. The play is to win the ace of clubs and immediately switch to the king of diamonds. Then, when partner gets in with the king of clubs, he will have two good diamonds to cash.

However, when declarer played a low club, I cheerfully played second-hand low—goodby to defeating the contract. Partner won the king of clubs and played the queen of diamonds. I unblocked with the king, but declarer won the second diamond, reentered his hand with a trump and led a second club. I won the ace but did not have a diamond to lead, and declarer was able to discard his losing diamond on dummy's high club.

Incredibly, in the other room, Pittala, normally a very careful defender, also came to grief after a heart lead. Goldman won in dummy, concealing the king, cashed a high spade, led a spade to his hand and played a club. Pittala played low, and once again four spades came rolling in. No swing. **END**

THE RATING GAME

400–300 You should have taken my place on the U.S. team.

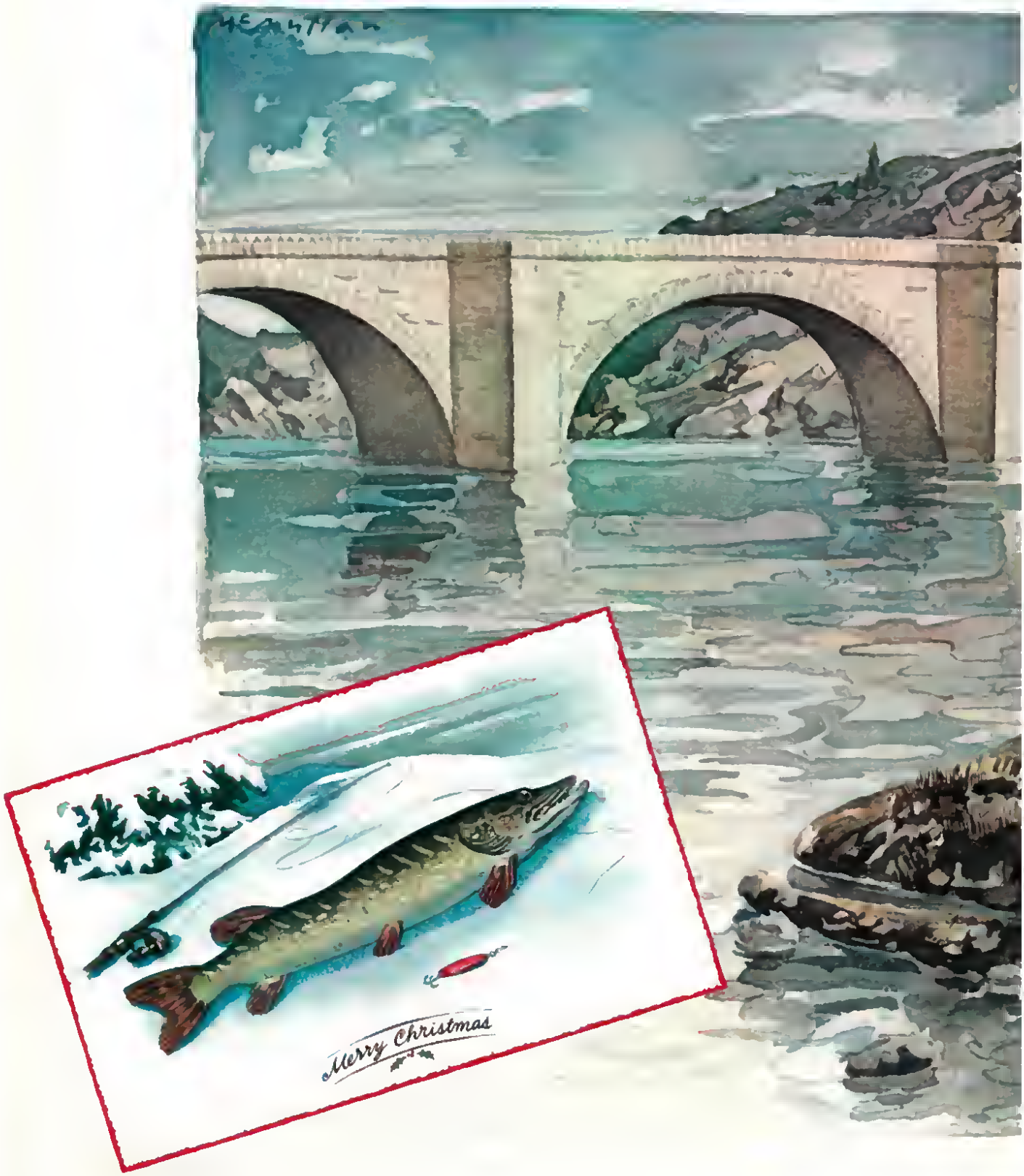
250–200 Still time to bone up for next year's world championship.

150–100 Well, you're a champion in your own living room.

50–0 Here's hoping you have a merry Christmas, anyway.


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MILD, BUT NOT TOO LIGHT
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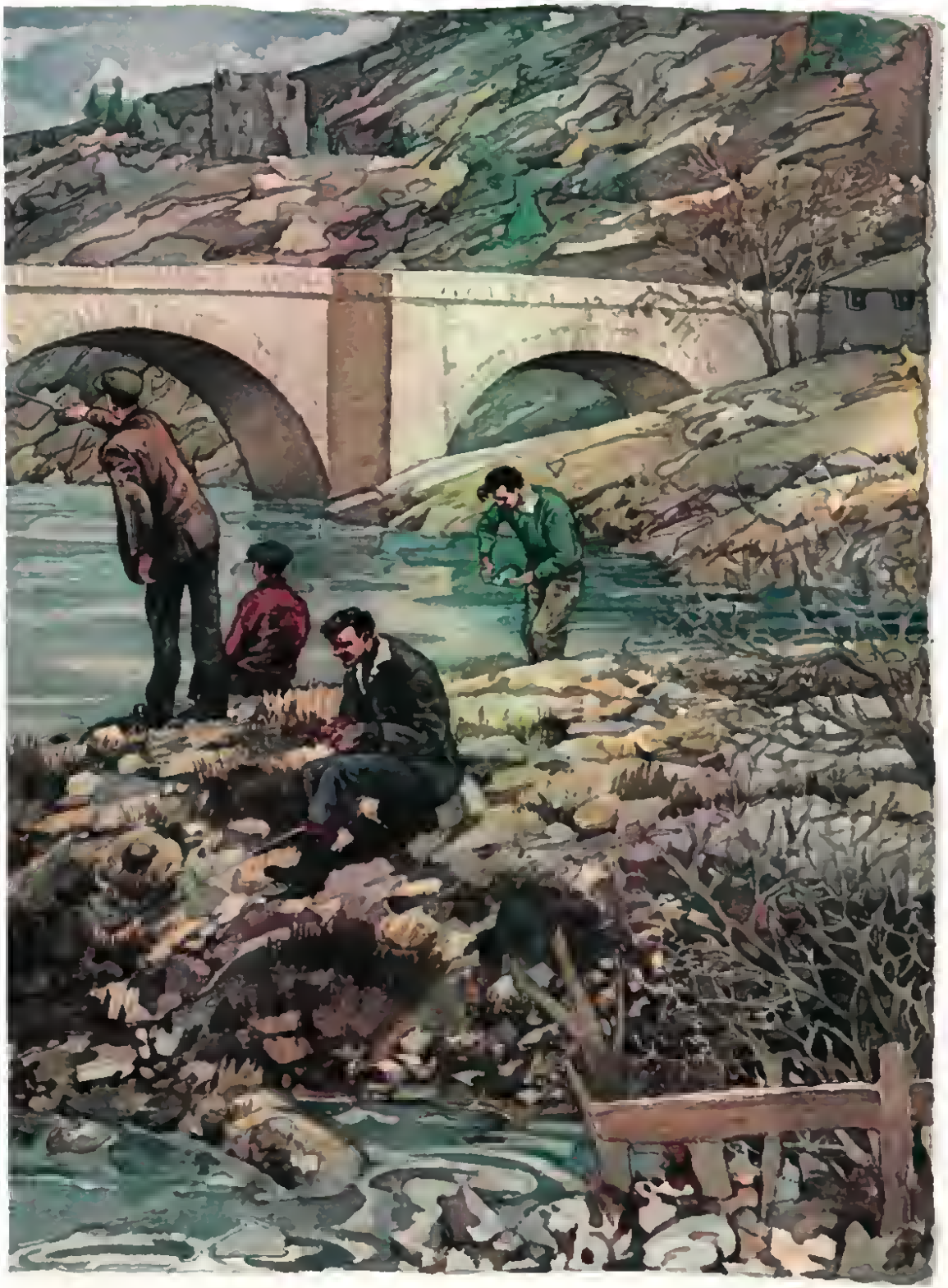
The Devil at



Yuletide

As surely as Boxing Day follows Christmas, the four Welsh boys knew that an enormous pike lurked in the deep waters under the Eight-Arch Bridge—and they meant to catch it

by Clive Gammon



CONTINUED



continued

In the moonlight, John Lindenburgh, 19 years old, tall, thin, beak-nosed like a heron, stood swaying on the parapet of the Eight-Arch Bridge. This was on Christmas Eve or, more likely, Christmas morning, about 30 years ago.

A wild, dramatic night, fine flying weather for vampires, with tattered clouds scudding across the sky, the moon flashing on like a strobe light in the gaps, the lake pale fire. High above it, like a demented high priest, Lindenburgh invoked the wrath to come.

"Green Devil!" he howled. "Green Devil! John is after you, Green Devil!"

Not one of our group—Lindy, myself, Devan, Roy—would normally have thought of calling directly to the Green Devil like that. He lived in the deep, cold water of the Lily Pools, in the shelter of the middle span of the old stone bridge that crossed a thin arm of the lake. But now, the Newcastle Brown Ale still gurgling inside us after the party, we had moved into a kind of cleansing ritual.

A West Wales farmhouse party it had been. We had insinuated ourselves into its company at closing time at the Hope Inn. A company? Yokels in their best suits, broad-bottomed girls; that was how we saw them now, performing their clodhopping, boozy dances in the musty parlor of the farm.

"Nothing here for us," Devan had muttered, casting a cold eye over the girls, who were all too plainly spoken for.

"Except the ale," said Lindy. So we savaged their stock of Newcastle Brown and left, clearly unregretted, roaring off in Roy's father's Armstrong Siddeley with two gallon jars of the liberated Brown and a bowl of nuts. And on the way home somebody suggested we stop by the Lily Pools and wish the Green Devil a happy Christmas.



"He was as big as I damn, he was huge!" exclaimed Lindenburgh

To begin with, that was all we had done: sit on the bridge, drink the ale and throw walnuts to him. The change of mood first made itself felt in Lindy, the senior man, newly a clerk at the National Bank in Pembroke Town, so far the only one of us to earn a salary.

He stood up on the stonework, and the wind tore his raincoat back from his bony frame so that it fluttered like a magician's cloak, and commenced his invocation of the legendary Green Devil.

We stopped throwing nuts. We almost expected a sign, if not Excalibur raised from the lake by an arm clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, then at least an ominous bulging of the water and the split-second revelation of a great tail cleaving the surface. But there was only the slap of frothing wavelets against the bridge.

Northern pike, even duck-gobbling, tackle-smashing pike in the category of the Green Devil, 50 pounds and more of him as we devoutly believed, do not respond to such inspired callings-up from the deep as Lindy invoked. But he continued, swaying dangerously, holding his pint pot on high. "Green Devil," he intoned. "Coming to get you! Coming to get you *Boxing* Day!"

One thing was certain. Boxing Day was the earliest moment when Lindy could imperil the Green Devil. For the next 24 hours or so he was in no danger whatever, because Christmas Day loomed. Whatever uncondoned foolishness we might get into on Christmas Eve, not one of us would be able to escape the bosom-of-the-family ritual of Christmas Day, beginning with the pre-breakfast assault of the carol party from the Methodist chapel belting out "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," ringing the front doorbell and wanting money. Then the present-opening, a nice ginger-colored tweed jacket, maybe—how suitable—and the stultifying, gargantuan dinner in the middle of the day. Then the afternoon and evening of visits to, visits from, unspeakable aunts, decaying uncles, the tiny glasses of sherry or port offered along with the daunting plate-loads of mince pies and Christmas cake.

Yes, but if you could live through all that, what lay ahead was Boxing Day, good old Boxing Day.

The odd name has nothing to do with pugilism. Boxing Day was, in the old days, a time to hand out Christmas presents—or "boxes." It also has a lot to do with sport in general: it is traditionally an outdoors day, the one on which you brushed away the post-Christmas cobwebs. The brutal common ancestor of soccer, rugby and football would often be played then, a bloody affair with the "goals" two neighboring villages. Any number could play and there were no rules, though plenty of broken limbs.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES McMULLAN



Yokels in their best suits and broad-bottomed girls performed boozy dances in the musty parlor

Many important soccer games are still held in the cities in England on Boxing Day, and in the country you still can see the Fox Hunt meet and follow it on horseback or on foot. The day is a public holiday, of course. If it falls on a Sunday, you get Monday off.

The only Boxing Days I failed to enjoy were some early ones, between the time I was nine, maybe, and until I was 14 or so, roughly the time span between knowing what you *could* do and being allowed to do it. In this period, Boxing Day was a kind of extra Sunday and you didn't even get to go to the rugby game because the crowd would be too big. By Boxing Day the wheels would have come off a fair percentage of your Christmas stuff, and the stores were closed so you couldn't use the gift certificates or spend the money the lazier aunts had sent.

The worst Boxing Day was when I was 11 or 12, the year I got the chemistry set, a fine one with test tubes and rack on rack of colored crystals and salts. Also a Bunsen burner with a red rubber tube for fixing to the gas outlet.

We had no gas outlet.

You could use a sprit burner, the book said. I had nothing like that, but aunt money could be used to get one. Only this was a year when Christmas Day fell on a Saturday. No hardware store would be open until the Tuesday. It was one of the lowest blows I can remember. Happily, a couple of years later I had discovered the northern pike and its abiding connection with Christmastime.

That was the Christmas that my grandfather, who had taken me fishing with him once in a while but was now bedridden, gave me the Phantom Minnow, a 2¾" Blue and Silver, as the catalogue said succinctly. He gave me more than that, in fact. There was also an Alcock-Stanley, one of the first-ever spinning reels, which he had loaded with silk line. I already had a rod—a cut-down, greenheart fly rod. On Boxing Day I took the whole outfit up to the canal.

It was a strange place. On the bus, as you headed there, you went by a steelworks, a power station and the cooling towers of a huge oil refinery and then the detritus of an earlier industrial age, the ruins of a copper-smelting works. Almost as soon as you stepped off the bus everything changed. You went under a little bridge to reach the towpath, and then the rising hills on one side of the canal and the acres of yellowing reeds on the other cut off that other world. It was an enclave of peace.

I knew there were pike in the canal. The previous summer I had walked along the towpath and had seen the explosive swirls in the water as my shadow went ahead of me. I had also spotted the dynamic, rakish profiles of small pike against the weed beds. As I worked along the path that Boxing Day, I got colder, my fingers numbed by the constant need to clear the dripping weed from my plug. The wind dropped, the water looked lifeless, a cold, dull gray, and the Phantom seemed ridiculous, all too clearly an artifice of man.

After an hour, nearly ready to give up, I reached an open pool, almost clear of weed, spanned by a dark bridge. Out went the little blue minnow again and I retrieved it, spinning jerkily only a few inches under the surface.

Then, flamboyantly, in a splashing, dramatic flurry, a great dappled shape lunged sideways at the bait. I yanked my rod back wildly and the Phantom flew over my head. In a moment, there was only the foam on the water and I was shaking spasmodically.

I cast again and retrieved as before. The weeds and the water remained unstirred. Another cast. This time, as the Phantom crossed the pool, in as undramatic a fashion as its previous appearance had been violent, a long dark shape slid out of the weeds, absorbed it and stayed there, looking at me, it seemed, with a wide, pikey grin.

I did everything wrong. I was too gentle with it at first, then too rough. But I had him out in the end, hauling him into some dead reeds, dragging him out by the tail. My first pike. My first Boxing Day pike of many.

The bus was crowded, standing room only. I was happy

continued



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continued

to find. It was like a Roman triumph. I was feted beerily by the rugby fans on board. At home the fish was laid out on the kitchen table. The neighbors came in to look. Pike were not commonly encountered where I lived, otherwise a 10-pounder, as this one proved to be, might not have been the object of such wonder.

It was a long time before I caught another. Soon after Boxing Day that year, the canal froze over, and it stayed that way until the pike season ended in March. On opening day of the new season, June 16th, I was there again and found many pike. They were on the surface, belly-up and bloated, because the peaceful enclave was no more. The spring and summer had been dry, an official drought had been declared. The steelworks had decided it needed the canal water, and had pumped it down to a series of shallow, muddy puddles. I hauled the biggest pike out and weighed it. Nineteen and a half pounds, nothing to speak of compared with the Green Devil standards to come. But at the time it was the biggest pike, the biggest *fish*, I had ever seen. And I never thought I would see its like again.

I didn't for some years, until we moved from the city to rural Pembrokeshire, on the last southwesterly peninsula of Wales. I scarcely met another pike *fisherman*, let alone pike, until, down there, I came on the Green Devil worshipers. That gave me a long time to nurture an obsession.

It is not extraordinarily difficult to become obsessed with pike. "More lies have been told about the pike than any other fish in the world," declared the great Victorian ichthyologist, Frank Buckland. The all-time champion lie was perpetrated in Mannheim, Germany. The Mannheim pike, from Kaiserweg Lake, was said to have grown to a length of 19 feet when it was captured in 1497. What is more, it was 267 years old, something easily verified by the inscription on a brass ring found attached to its gills. Translated from the Greek, it read, "I am the first fish that was placed in this pond by the hand of Frederick II, Governor of the World, on the 5th October, 1230."

The ring and the skeleton of the fish were exhibited in Mannheim Cathedral for many years before it was noticed that a large number of extra vertebrae had been added.

If it was no longer possible to go to the canal on a Boxing Day, the story of the Mannheim Pike made fine Christmas reading, as did that of the pike of Lillishall Pool, Newport, Isle of Wight, included in the fourth edition of Sir John Hawkins' *The Complete Angler*, published in 1784. It was a mere 170-pounder, and it stood out from the ranks of other fictitious middleweights only by virtue of the throw-away paragraph with which Sir John ended his account: "Some time ago the clerk of the parish was trolling in the above pool when his bait was seized by this furious creature, which by a sudden jerk pulled him in, and doubtless would have devoured him also, had he not by wonderful agility and dextrous swimming escaped the dreadful jaws of this voracious animal."

Naturally I did not believe any of this stuff, but I would have stood up anytime for the 72-pound Loch Ken, Scotland pike, the 60-pounder washed ashore after a storm on a lake near Ballina, Ireland, and other monsters of 50 pounds and more that were (and remain) unrecognized by any fish-recording body. Denied the reality of pike fishing, I became a pike romantic.

And always I saw the fish in a wintry, Christmas context. I never found a pikey Christmas card: the fishing ones were always absurdly unseasonable, featuring men in plaid shirts and high boots fly-fishing for trout. A true card for the fisherman would have shown the primrose dapplings of a great pike—the cruel, undershot jaw, the golden eyes against a background of new snow—and with it, for color, a classic red-and-silver pike spoon. And maybe a champagne cork or two.

The tradition of pike fishing on a Boxing Day was certainly not mine alone. Part of it, if you read 19th-century fishing books, was that you saved the champagne corks from your Christmas dinner and used them as live-bait bobbers next day.

I think it was Francis Francis, one of the great mid-Victorian angling writers, who declared that the loud pop a champagne cork makes as it is pulled violently under the surface by the strike of a big pike is more joyous and seasonable than the pop you get when you open the bottle on Christmas Day.

The Mannheim pike, champagne corks and the rest of it became like a half-remembered, feverish dream when I came to real winter pike fishing again, five years following my retrieval of the 10-pounder from the canal. That was when I left the city and went to live in Pembrokeshire.

The Lily Pools are only six miles from the little town of Pembroke. On the map the water looks like three fingers joining a central pool—the palm of the hand, if you like. Until the beginning of the 19th century it was not a lake at all but a tidal creek. The local landowner, The Earl of Cawdor—this was during the height of the Napoleonic Wars—feared the French might sneak in from the sea one night and attack him. It was not a completely unreasonable fear; it was he who in 1797 had led the Pembroke Yeomanry at nearby Fishguard to repel a somewhat comic-opera French force in the last invasion of British soil. So he blocked off the creek with a dam. Three little fresh-water streams flowed in and made a lake. A clergyman planted the lilies, but no one knows who stocked it with fish: yellow perch, roach (a fish not unlike a shiner) and pike.

The first time I went to the Lily Pools it was to walk the shoreline, not to fish. That would have been in the fall. Much of the water was of extraordinary clarity. Vivid green weed covered the bottom except for a series of clear patches that extended in a chain down the middle.

I had followed a path through furze bushes that ran along one side of an arm of the lake and then rose high, until it emerged onto short, sheep-cropped turf that covered a high limestone bluff from which it was possible to look down, from about 80 feet, into a kind of natural aquarium.

I saw two pike right away. One was small, two or three pounds, lying near the bank. The other was bigger, 15 pounds, I reckoned. It lay motionless. And close by played a shoal of roach, a weed bed separating them. As I looked

continued



continued

on, there was a great tumult in the water. The pike had accelerated so fast that I had missed the movement. All I saw was the eruption, the roach exploding in a silver shower.

A second later there was peace again. The pike had returned to its original position and it lay there, tail gently fanning. The roach, living from second to second, were playing again. Obedient to the well-known imperative human impulse to break up this kind of serenity, I hurled a stone from the bluff, causing the big pike to surge off.

That fall day I went no farther, not realizing I had covered no more than half of the lake. I had seen enough. I was in a fever to get back there with my tackle and take out that 15-pounder.

Francis Francis might have used champagne corks as pike bobbers, but I was now into toothbrushes. Cut the head off and what have you got? If you pick the right kind, a translucent, attractively colored pike plug, that's what, once you have fixed tin spinning vanes to the forward end and a treble hook to the rear.

At any rate, that was what the fishing magazine had said in its angling-tips feature. Working with two old toothbrushes, I reckoned I was in business. One of my lures was blue, the other pearly pink, and when I took them down to the Lily Pools the next weekend, they flashed and wobbled in the water just as the magazine claimed they would. But perhaps there was something not quite serious enough about them. Although I caught pike, they were far from formidable size. If the 15-pounder was still hanging around below the bluff, he showed not a sign of interest.

But on the whole I was content. I cycled back to town and, having recently become old enough to do so legally, turned into the Hope Inn, the first pub you came to on the straggling Main Street of Pembroke. As rural a little town as it was, I couldn't leave my rod tied to the crossbar of the bike, so I took it in with me.

I didn't plan to linger in the Hope. This was a Saturday night, and what you did in Pembroke on a Saturday night was go home, eat supper, change, go to the pub for an hour and then head to Haggar's Ballroom for the dance. You could spend only about an hour in the pub because Old Man Haggar wouldn't let anybody in after 10 p.m.

As usual on weekends home from college, this was my plan for the evening. The bar was almost empty. I ordered my modest half pint of ale and took it to a corner. Looking up, I caught the eye of a fellow about my age. There was a fishing rod propped in his corner also. For a few moments we summed one another up. I was first to break the silence. "Do any good?" I asked.

The one I was addressing had a wild, buccaneering look about him, emphasized by a wind-reddened, predatory beak of a nose. He was very tall with lank black hair. He gave my question full consideration, then replied carefully, "Nah."

When I came to know John Lindenburgh better I would realize that this kind of monosyllabic reply was not discourtesy. He considered that he had not done any good and saw no special reason to enlarge on that. At this first encounter I was a little put off, but the chance to talk with another pike fisherman made that irrelevant.

"I got six," I said, nonchalantly.

"Six pike?" Lindenburgh asked. "How big?"

I told him that the biggest was maybe five pounds. The great nose twitched. "I thought you said you got *pike*," he said. "Five pounds is a little *jack* pike."

A silence followed. I finished my drink and got up to leave. A long red hand pointed at my empty glass. "What was in that?" Lindenburgh asked.

Much later I remember looking at the pub clock, which said it was a quarter past nine. "I'd better call up my . . ." I started to say for the umpteenth time.

But Lindenburgh was forging on remorselessly. ". . . all frozen over," he continued, "but there was just this one clear patch, right under the Eight-Arch Bridge. I saw him come swimming out." He paused, thought, then held out a hand, crooking forefinger and thumb so that they almost, but not quite, made a circle. "As big as that," he said. "The yellow spots on his side. As big as *that*."

"Listen," I said.

"Where are you going?" Lindenburgh asked. It was more command than question. "I saw him closer than that once, though," he resumed. "That was the time I hooked him."

"The time he went under the tree?" I asked.

"Wait a minute," Lindenburgh said. "Did I tell you I was using a spoon? Well, that's what I was using. I cast it up alongside the middle arch, and I was bringing it back, nice and slow, a sort of slow, throbbing action."

"And you saw him follow it?" I said. I was under the spell again.

"Nah," said Lindenburgh. "I brought the spoon nearly to the bank. There was a big old beech tree fallen in the water there. I'll be showing it to you. The spoon was nearly out of the water when he slid out and grabbed it. Came out from under the tree.

"That was the only time I got a real close look at him. He was as big as . . . damn, he was huge! And I could see a couple of inches of wire leader, somebody else's, hanging down from his jaw."

"The Green Devil," I said.

"The Green Devil," said Lindenburgh. We paused reverently.

"Listen," I told him, "my mother probably thinks I'm at the bottom of the lake."

This time I managed to get as far as the pay phone. When I returned, my ears still buzzing with that special maternal mix of guilt-inducing concern and reproach, Lindenburgh was ordering fresh pints.

"I was going to go to the dance," I said. "And Old Man Haggar drops the shutters at 10."

"We can go to the dance anytime," Lindenburgh said. "Roy will let us in."

Roy Haggar, on leave from his national service in the artillery, son of Old Man Haggar, close friend of John Lindenburgh, and co-pilgrim in the quest for the Green Devil, as it developed. A small, neat fellow he turned out to be when I finally met him, and his first words to

continued

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continued

Lindenburgh were. "I made that plug. It's in the office."

Turning our backs on the band playing *Adios, Mariquita Linda* and the girls in from the country waiting to tango, we went to inspect it.

The plug was vast, in three sections, painted to resemble a young pike, about 12" overall. It was a magnificent gesture rather than a plug, and later when Haggar tried it out on the Lily Pools, it fought on the retrieve like a fair-sized rainbow trout. Also, he needed a surf-rod to cast it. But the fact that he had lovingly fashioned it in camp after exhausting days out on the firing range proved his fitness for the quest.

Devan Preece was not there that night. He was also doing his stint in the artillery, but he had no weekend pass. Lindenburgh implied that he was not as sure of Preece's dedication as he was of Haggar's. Sometimes, when it had looked to be a good Green Devil day, he had shown his colors by going duck shooting. All the same, though, he was a member of the group.

And now it seemed that I had been recruited also.

"Devan will be home for Christmas," Lindenburgh said later that night as we stood in the fish-and-chip shop on Main Street, which had run out of fish, "but it could be all over by then." The Green Devil campaign, he meant. We ate our way steadily through a dozen sausages deep-fried in batter, the only substitute for fish that the shop could offer. "You make it next weekend?" he asked.

Well, certainly I could.

That was, I suppose, sometime in October, and through the early winter up until Christmastime, Lindenburgh and I spent most Saturdays and Sundays on the Lily Pools. Not all of those trips were expended on hunting the Green Devil. Normally we would start at the Eight-Arch Bridge, give him an hour or so and then wander off along the shore, reserving the last hour of the day for another shot.

Not once did we see him, but we had other, smaller victories. The far end of the middle finger of the lake was the most inaccessible part of it, because no boats were permitted. There were Sleeping Beauty thickets of bramble and thorn trees along much of the bank, and eventually the lake petered out into shallows, marked by twisted and whitened dead trees on which pale green lichen grew.

One Sunday we forced our way almost to the end of it, where the lake was very narrow. I tossed the floating green plug I was using (the toothbrush handles had been vetoed on sight by Lindy) into a sparse growth of spiky yellow reeds that lined the far bank, and it was engulfed almost immediately in a heavy boil. That fish crashed the thorn bushes twice on my side, but each time, as I prodded with the gaff handle to scare it, it shot out into open water again. In the end Lindy was able to lift it out, the gaff nicked under the point of the lower jaw so that it could be released again. Eighteen and a half pounds. "That is a *pike*," said Lindy.

That would really have been enough for one day, but just before it was time to leave for the ritual cast at the Green Devil, there came a wild yell from Lindy. The first thing he noticed, he said afterward, was a kind of dry rustling in the reeds. I was there in time to see what followed. Swimming slowly, unalarmed, out of the reed bed at his feet came a procession of pike. There were eight or nine of them, the smallest perhaps 10 pounds. Not one of the three leading fish, though, could have been much under 30 pounds.

As they moved out across the lake they ignored all the plugs we threw. Pike sometimes mass in the spring, in spawning time, but this was early winter. It was a mystery. But the Lily Pools were mysterious waters.

That was easily the most dramatic moment in the pre-Christmas fishing, not that the biggest of the pike we had seen, according to Lindenburgh, began to compare with the Green Devil. The *smallest* the Devil could be was 45 pounds. More than likely it was more than 50. Early in December we had had a bad moment. A huge pike, it was rumored, had been taken at the Eight-Arch Bridge by the local barber, known to us as Howell the Pig both because of his corpulence and from his habit of knocking small pike over the head and taking them home in a sack. To eat.

Never having heard of *quenelles de brochet*, those feathery pike dumplings for which the Loire Valley is famed, Lindy and I considered pike to be bony, insipid and tasting of mud, which, of course, would not deter Howell the Pig. More important, though, he imperiled the possibility of there being future Green Devils, and it would be a vile injustice if he had been chosen to land the present one.

The *West Wales Guardian* brought relief. On an inside page, smiling greasily, Howell was featured holding a large pike. Twenty-eight pounds, according to the caption. "Twenty pounds, maybe," Lindy said as we examined it closely. In either case it was only a small cousin of the Devil.

We had had a fright, though. It was time, Lindenburgh said, that we start forgetting those excursions to distant parts of the lake and pay more attention to the mighty fish of the Eight-Arch Bridge.

And so, for the coming Boxing Day, we planned a major assault. Preece would be home. Haggar would be available. All day long we would not move from the vicinity of the bridge. We would lay siege with plugs, spoons, live bait even. Lindy would have liked three full days, but the Scrooge-like bank kept him at it until five in the afternoon on Christmas Eve, and of course Christmas Day was impossible.

"So, Christmas Eve, we'll take out the guns then," Devan Preece said. Lindy looked at him disapprovingly. Preece had come home, torn off his uniform, rushed down to the Hope Inn for the midweek Green Devil planning meeting, and now he was going to prove to be a disruptive influence.

"What you three could do," Lindenburgh said, "is, Christmas Eve, you could go to the lake and catch us three or four dozen live baits."

"O.K ." Preece said, "and I'll ask Father Williams if we can keep 'em alive in the font until Boxing Day. I don't think he has any baptisms over Christmas "

It was Haggar who kept the peace. "Boxing Day, you lot make a start with the plugs and spoons and I'll fish for bait," he said. A noble gesture. Lindy still grumbled, but he

continued



continued

could do nothing about it. On Christmas Eve, while he slaved at the counter, we would be walking the lake shore for mallard.

It was no great day when it came. There were a lot of ducks down at the middle finger of the Lily Pools, but, with this and that, we barely got a shot. Haggar told Preece that he was going through the bushes as if he were on the parade ground. Preece said that Haggar's yellow Labrador must have been brain damaged. And so on.

As the light started to fail, we headed away from the lake and into the woods. When Lindenburgh found out we'd got nothing he would be impossible, clearly, and now it seemed there was no chance of even a rabbit. Then Devan whispered harshly, "*Hold it!*" We froze, eyes following his pointing finger up the trunk of an oak. Squirrel, maybe? No. Now Preece's finger was directed right at the top of the tree. "Can't you see it?" he demanded.

Haggar spotted it first, then I did. A great clump of mistletoe growing on a bough of the oak, a mass of pearly white berries.

"Uh, mistletoe," Haggar said. Both of us looked at Preece, trying to catch his drift.

"You know what mistletoe is fetching?" Preeced demanded. "A *sprig* of mistletoe? Plenty of holly in the shops, but no mistletoe. And this is *high quality* mistletoe."

And so, as the winter gloom gathered, we moved through the wood, hunting down the wild mistletoe, blasting it off the oak boughs with the guns. When we had all we could carry we headed back to Old Man Haggar's car, borrowed for the holidays, loaded the trunk and sped back to Pembroke to catch the shops. Preece proved entirely correct. They couldn't take enough of it.

We were, for us, astonishingly well off when we met Lindy in the Hope. Even he, examining the small bundle of one-pound notes had to admit that. We had even kept a little mistletoe, which provided an entry into that crowd in from the country, to their party and to their Newcastle Brown. Mistletoe is a plant the ancient Druids of Wales held to be holy. Some of its influence must have rubbed off on Lindenburgh, so inspired did he become at the Eight-Arch Bridge on our homeward journey.

He flung a last challenge to the Green Devil:

"Six-foot two, eyes of blue, Big John Lindy's after *you*!"

We knew he had simply adapted an old rugby chant. But we knew also that he meant it.

There was still some exaltation among us when we met on Boxing Day morning, but it was more soberly directed. The wind had died on Christmas Day and the weather had turned colder; there was frost on the grass and a thin skim of cat-ice at the margins of the lake under the overhanging trees.

Keeping his promise, Roy began to fish for roach. I took my position north of the bridge as planned. Lindenburgh worked the south side. Preece had a plan of his own. He walked to the far end of the bridge, dropped a floating plug into the water, let out line, then walked back across the bridge towing the bait. An original form of trolling.

When he came along, as we knew he would, Howell the Pig found there was no room for him. He walked past us without even a "Happy New Year." True happiness would have been to hook the Green Devil in his presence, but that was not to be.

Indeed, the whole morning passed without action. "It's the sudden frost," said Lindy. However, he ate a cold turkey leg without putting down his rod. When he finished, he said, "Time for the live bait."

Normally we did not care for live-bait fishing. However, the cold had turned the Green Devil sluggish, he might not chase a spoon but could well grab a plump silver roach if it swam within easy range. Roy headed over from his roach-fishing spot with a bucketful of them.

Lindy had no festive champagne cork but a regular hot orange pike bobber, which we tried to stare into invisibility. For 10 minutes it stayed serenely on the surface. And then, suddenly, the roach itself was struggling on the surface as if it wanted to get up and sit on the bobber. Then there was a great boil, and the little blob of orange disappeared.

Lindenburgh let line out, counted a slow five, and hit. Brick-wall resistance. The hooks were in. The huge pike, olive-green, dappled pale yellow, came out of the water and shook its head. Then it surged toward the fallen beech tree in the water to Lindy's left.

This time, though, I was standing out on the beech as far as I dared, making a commotion, slapping the water with the gaff. Twice more in the half-hour fight it went for the tree and twice turned away when it saw me. The rest was textbook stuff. No shouting from Lindy. Stolidly he worked the fish until it was showing its great flank, and then he was guiding it to the gaff.

On the bank it looked huge. "The Green Devil," said Preece, awed. "You got him." We hoisted the fish onto a hand scale. Thirty-four, nearly 35 pounds.

"Hey, Green Devil!" said Roy.

So far, Lindy had said nothing. He was red-faced and catching his breath. But at that he said, "Nah."

"What?" I asked.

"Not the Green Devil," Lindy panted. "Very big, uh, huge, uh, ordinary pike."

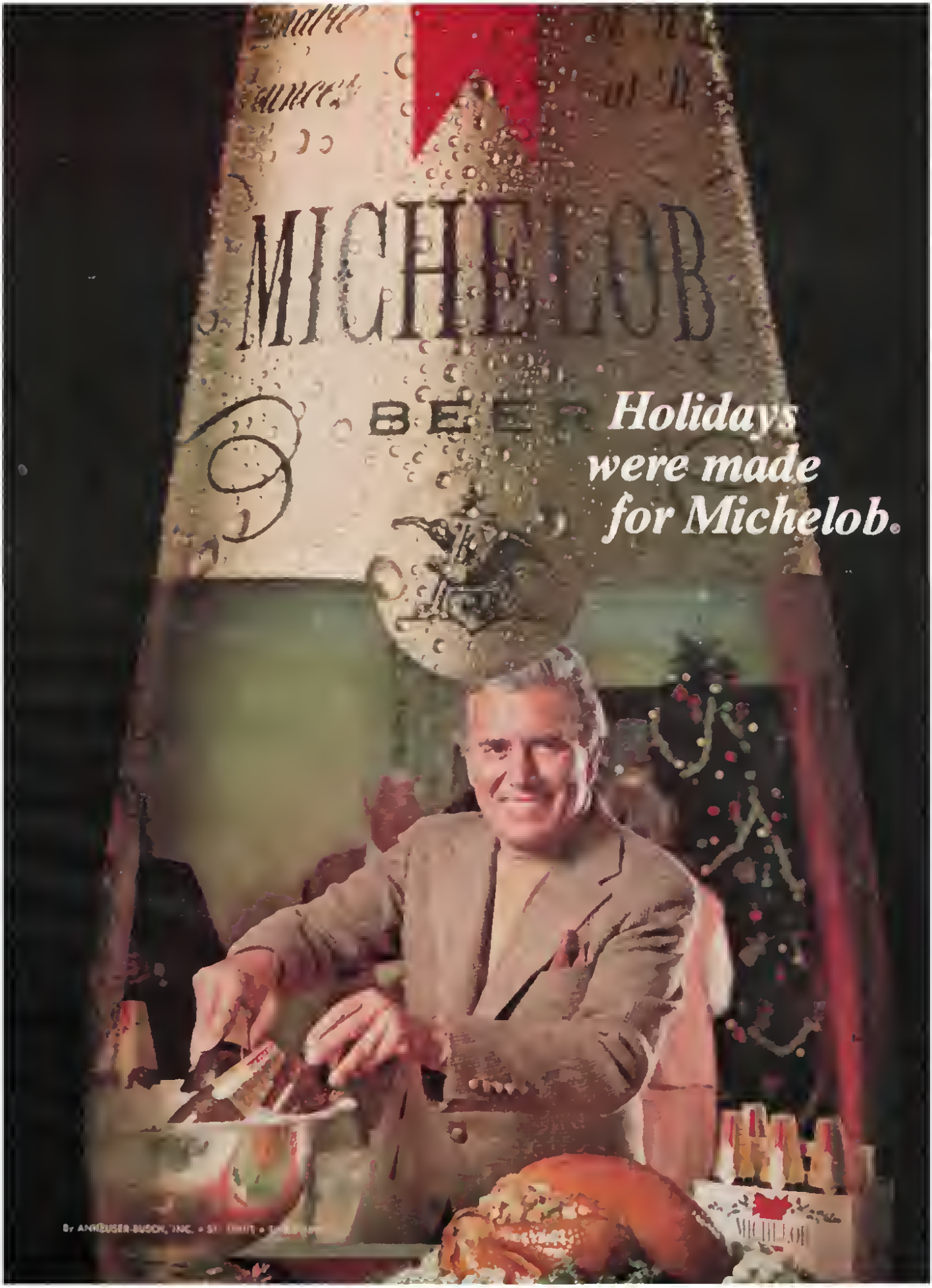
He would not be shaken. He didn't *want* it to be the Green Devil.

He wanted to be able to *go on fishing* for the Green Devil.

But I think that secretly, he knew it was. It was the last Boxing Day pike trip for our crowd. Roy had a row with his father over the Armstrong Siddeley and went to live in London. Devan quit fishing and only hunted. And, extraordinarily, as if life held nothing more for him, Lindy quit also and got married to one of the country girls who came to the Saturday dance.

Twenty years later, on a Boxing Day morning, I was set up to go fishing in a small lake in County Monaghan, Ireland. A man called Kevin Linnane was showing it to me. "In that corner by the reeds," he said, "there's a pike as big as a little horse."

He didn't give it a name. I know what it was, though. The Green Devil had found a new home. END


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Yesterday

by DICK PHELAN

THE U.S. ARMY'S CAMEL CORPS MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED BUT FOR MULISH MEN

If Jefferson Davis had had his way, the U.S. Cavalry would have pursued Comanches on camelback. The Indians, riding mustangs that initially would have widely outdistanced the camels, would have galloped confidently northward into the empty plains. But their sense of security would've been short-lived. Camels, lurching steadily at a constant speed, can travel much farther in a day than horses can. Tireless, relentless and ridden by resolute though slightly seasick soldiers, they would have overtaken the Indians every time.

No such chase ever took place in the Old West. But it was supposed to have happened, back before the Civil War, when Davis was Secretary of War under President Pierce. For years various people had been advocating camels as the solution to the Army's transport problems in the Southwestern deserts, where horses and mules tended to die of thirst between water holes and there was very little grass for grazing.

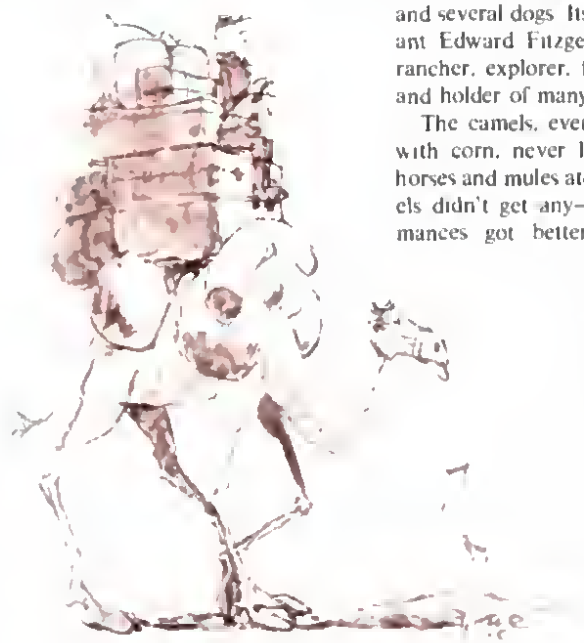
So under Davis' aegis an experiment was begun in 1855. Two shiploads of camels—75 in all—were brought from Egypt and Turkey to Indianola, Texas and marched inland to Camp Verde near Kerrville. There a khan—a kind of corral for camels, with walls 16 feet high—was built. Quarters went up for officers and enlisted men, as well as huts for a handful of Turks and Arabs who came along to teach camel-handling to the Americans.

The man in charge of the experiment was Major Henry Wayne, a conscientious officer who faced some curious problems. Camels were not universally popular in Texas. Wherever they appeared, they caused panic among other animals. Horses and mules ran away, dragging buggies and wagons behind them. Cattle stampeded. Dogs barked hysterically.

And while gawking at camels became something of an entertainment for the general public, what the animals did on roads and city streets wasn't funny. They ejected spital from one end and excrement from the other explosively and without warning on anyone who happened to be near. Their frequent sneezes all but made the earth shake. They showed alarm by blowing a bloody bladderlike mass out of their mouths. Only regular washing and currying kept their body odor from becoming a stench. In the mating season the males bellowed and tried to kill each other.

If these characteristics were unpleasant to civilians, they were downright loathsome to the enlisted men who had been taken away from their beloved mules and put to currying, feeding, loading and driving camels. Major Wayne, as a staff officer, had no direct authority over the soldiers who worked with the animals. Only their commanding officer was empowered to give them orders, and he was a rigid Army type whose warmest feeling for the camels was contempt. Sometimes Major Wayne's wishes got transmitted and carried out, and sometimes they didn't, which added to the general confusion.

The Turks and Arabs were troublesome, too. All of them had claimed a thorough knowledge of camels, but few possessed it. They had been seasick and useless on the voyage to Texas, and some of them were often drunk and useless after getting there. In addition, they treated the camels' ailments with bizarre and ineffective folk remedies.



Still, considerable progress was made. The thing that worked best about the camel experiment was the camels. They smelled bad all right, but they could carry huge loads, and they were as tough as jerky. On 60-mile supply runs between Camp Verde and San Antonio they proved cheaper, faster and more efficient than mule-drawn wagon trains. They could travel easily through mud that bogged the wagons down, and they had not yet been taken into desert country, where their advantages over mules would be even greater.

At the camp, when a camel knelt and was loaded with four bales of hay, any one of which would have been too much for a mule, bystanders—there were always plenty of these—hooted and swore that the beast couldn't get to its feet under such weight. But it rose, and marched away at Wayne's command. Performances of this kind won respect from Texans, especially once their livestock gradually ceased to stampede at the sight of a camel. A woman in Victoria, Texas knitted a pair of socks from camel-pile and sent it to President Pierce. He acknowledged the gift with a silver mug bearing his name.

In the first big test 25 camels were sent across the Southwestern deserts to California. It was a five-month trip also involving mules, wagons, horses, 44 men and several dogs. Its leader was Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale, a sailor, rancher, explorer, friend of Kit Carson and holder of many government offices.

The camels, even though overloaded with corn, never looked back. As the horses and mules ate the corn—the camels didn't get any—the camels' performances got better and better. They lived off the desert, eating the thorny mesquite and bitter greasewood that the other pack animals wouldn't touch, and they could go for days without water. The dogs grew footsore on the rocks and whimpered to be taken aboard the wagons, but the camels plodded on without damage to

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YESTERDAY *continued*

their unshod feet and without complaint. They passed through Albuquerque and the place that was to become Flagstaff, Ariz. The camels swam the Colorado River into California, though Beale had thought they might refuse to. Camels feared water, he had been told. Some of the horses and mules were carried away by the current and drowned, but all of the camels made it.

In his long report to John B. Floyd, who had replaced Davis as Secretary of War, Beale wrote, "This noble and useful brute has spared us many hardships . . . I am convinced of their entire adaptation and usefulness in the exploration of the wilderness." Floyd recommended to Congress that the Army buy 1,000 camels, a request that was never acted upon.

Two more long experimental journeys were made from Camp Verde, both of them in the deserts of western Texas, including what is now Big Bend National Park. The water holes were often as many as 110 miles apart. On one march the expedition reached the point of no return, so far as water was concerned, and didn't know where to find the next spring. The men and mules suffered horribly and would have died except for small amounts of water that the camels carried—and which they drank none of. The camels were unaffected by rattlesnake bites. They ate sagebrush, thistles and creosote bush and went three days in the summer desert without drinking. (A camel does not store water. It stores fat in its hump, and this is converted to energy as needed.) Nearly all the Army's camels were one-humped Arabians, but some were shaggy two-humped Bactrians.)

Local businessmen eyed the camels and saw a good thing. "We look forward to the time when vast herds of these animals will be in use in our state," said a San Antonio newspaper. Several dozen Asian camels were imported from China to San Francisco. More Arabians were brought to Galveston from the Near East. The owners were civilians who believed they had found an ideal new beast of burden, cheap to feed and all but indestructible. But the camels were mistreated and overworked, and none of the enterprises prospered.

Beale was transferred East in the early 1860s, ending the Army's active experimentation with camels. The Confederate soldiers who took over Camp Verde in 1861 made little use of the camels during the Civil War. Those that had been marched to California were never marched back. They remained at Fort Tejon, near Bakersfield, packing supplies for the Army on short hauls.

The Camel Corps was officially disbanded in 1863, but it wasn't the camels' fault. After the Civil War the frontier quickly disappeared and railroads pushed across the Southwest. Only a few men ever believed in the camels or took them seriously. Many Army officers opposed them with closed minds—as others would oppose military aircraft 70 years later. The Camel Corps had been started by Jefferson Davis, that dirty rebel who later became President of the Confederacy, and that was a mark against it, too.

In the late 1860s, the Army sold both the Texas and the California herds, including many young camels born in the U.S. They were bought by carnivals, circuses, mining operations and even a few people who just wanted to own a camel. Some of them were worked to death hauling salt in Nevada. Others, abandoned in the deserts of Texas and Arizona, thrived and reproduced there until settlers moved in. They shot at the camels for fun, as men shoot at bottles and cans, and soon killed them off.

A few of the Moslem camel handlers went home. Others died in obscurity. An Arab named Hadji Ali accompanied the Beale expedition to California. He was known as Hi Jolly, a crude Americanization of his name. He became a wandering prospector in the Mojave and Sonoran deserts and died at Quartzsite, Ariz., in 1903 after nearly 50 years in the U.S. Near Interstate 10, Arizona has erected a monument to Hi Jolly's memory. It is a stone pyramid with a metal cutout of a camel on top of it.

Another of the camel drivers, a Turk named Ehas, drifted from California into northern Mexico and married a Yaqui Indian. One of his sons, Plutarco Elías Calles, became President of Mexico in 1924.

A little traveling show came to San Antonio in 1903. With it was an elderly camel that bore the U.S. Army brand. Camels live more than half a century, and this one had probably been born at the Camp Verde khan in the 1850s. Local newspapers ran stories, and people came to see the old camel and its brand. Then the little circus left town, and with its departure ends the recorded history of the U.S. Army's camels in Texas. **END**

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Reminiscence

by TED SMILEY

FOOTBALL GAMES ON PALISADO GREEN OVERCAME MONUMENTAL OIFFICULTIES

In 1633 a shipload of settlers from Dorchester, Mass. sailed down the Connecticut River to the Farmington River and on to what now is Windsor, Conn. Their descendants still live there. In 1932 the townspeople voted to observe Windsor's 300th anniversary by putting up a monument to their ancestors, if the cost was reasonable. The only dissenters were we members of the Sunday Afternoon Football Club, but our mournful cries went unrecorded. None of us was old enough to speak up at a town meeting, let alone vote. Further, we were betrayed by our mothers, who were tired of scrubbing at grass stains and mending the torn knees of our breeches. The site chosen for the monument was Palisado Green, our football field. That alone was enough to make the adult vote solidly pro-monument.

Palisado Green was shaped roughly like an egg. Outlined by trees, it was about 60 yards across at the south end, bellying out gently to 70 or 80 yards as it rolled up a slight slope, then tapering to a dozen or so yards at the north end. It was carpeted with grass, which, after a couple of centuries of mowing and rolling, was at least as fine as the 18th green of a good golf club. It was perhaps 150 yards long from tree line to tree line.

Smack in the center of this magnificent lawn was where the town built its monument, a great, walloping slab of granite with a scalloped top and names like Allyn, Ellsworth and Wolcott chiseled into it. Shrubbery was planted around it, arborvitae and rhododendron. The whole mess was 10 yards long north to south and 10 yards wide and the centerpiece soared 28 feet into the air.

And there, you might think, went our Sunday afternoon football games. Wrong. We adapted. The monument simply added new dimensions to our game, so to speak.

The game was touch football, and its few rules were vague and subject to debate. This, you must remember, was 1933, and the regimentation of children's play lay a generation ahead. The number on a side was elastic, as was age, ranging from kids of 7 or 8 to old men in their late teens. My brother Chas, for example, equaled all three Gunn brothers—Shot, Pop and Beebe. I equaled the two Anderson brothers, Dick and Normy, while Tony Vigiano equaled me plus the Andersons.

A note about Tony: he was a tawny-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, cheerful chap, a barber much patronized by the grammar school set. His posted price for a haircut was a quarter, but if no parents were in evidence he always slipped each young customer a nickel refund, frequently recouping the nickel through the sale of a Baby Ruth candy bar from the big glass jar on the back counter.

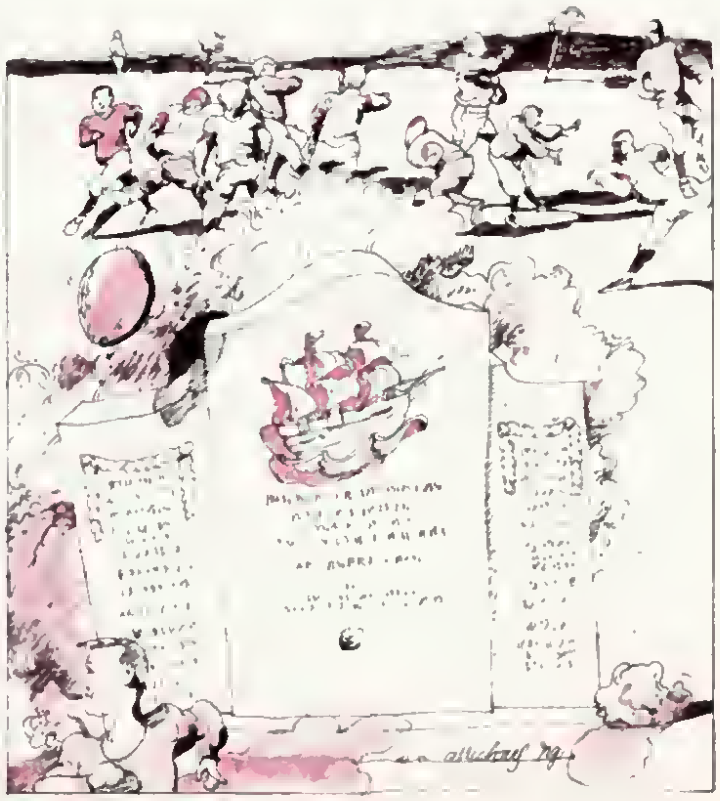
Tony had lightning speed and quick moves, but he had poor hands and couldn't throw. The ball was rounder than it is today, and none of us could grip it. Throwing was a matter of balancing the ball on the palm of the hand, fingertips on laces, and hurling it with a sort of slinging motion. My brother Chas was the only one of us who could pass for any distance with accuracy.

Chas was short and squat, with thick arms and stubby fingers, but somehow he had mastered the knack of throwing the bloated football as far as 35 or 40 yards. His talent was largely wasted during our Sunday afternoon games, however, for I was the only player with any pass-catching ability.

Chas died a decade ago, but I see him on television several times each football season in the person of Bum Phillips, the coach of the Houston Oilers. Phillips is bigger all over, but put a cowboy hat on Chas, sit him next to Bum on the bench and, so help me, you couldn't tell them apart. Same jawline, same cheeks, same nose, same eyes in same setting, identical mouth and even the same type of glasses. The first time I saw Bum I damn near had a heart attack.

Before the incursion of the monument, our game was one of speed and elusiveness. Each team had four downs in which to cover the 150-yard length of the field and score a touchdown. Three downs, really, for the fourth was a kicking down and offered scoring opportunities. The team with the ball had to announce

continued



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whether it was going to kick or run on fourth down. An announced kick could be made unmolested, but the receiving team had to be given time to station its members behind the trees to try to catch the ball. A punt that cleared the trees at the end of the field was worth one point if it dropped uncaught. A dropkick not caught by the defenders was good for three points. A touchdown, of course, was six points.

None of us had any equipment, so there was no blocking. Corduroy knickers, sweatshirts and sneakers were our uniforms. Once I tried to play wearing track shoes, but got howled down.

Strategy and tactics depended upon personnel. Tanglefoots such as the Gunn and Anderson boys played a sort of precursor to the zone defense. Giant Emerson Welch—six feet tall and growing at the age of 12—was a natural for charging into the offensive backfield. So was Roger Wessel, who was fast off the mark. Billy Braman and Wilfrid (Sap) Greenwood chased the ballcarrier. Tony Vigiano, Stan Klein, Carl Hodgdon and I played outside defensively to turn plays in, while Chas and Bobby Jones, scion of Windsor's only black family, usually defended as free safeties.

On offense, Chas and Tony were the tailbacks. By unspoken agreement, they always were on opposing teams. The rest of us were drawn from the pool of availables when sides were chosen, with the Gunn and Anderson brothers going as units. If one team proved too strong, a mid-game swap took place. Bobby Pfunder, say, for the Andersons, or Emmy Welch for Sap Greenwood.

One pre-monument play could be classed as typical of our game. We're running downhill, with about 130 yards to go. I'm the stand-up center, with Chas the tailback set about four yards back. I underhand the ball to Chas. Emmy Welch and Bobby Pfunder rush him. Chas tosses the ball to me. I cut left, running at three-quarter speed, easily dodging around Beebe Gunn, who obligingly falls down in front of brother Shot, who trips over him. I turn on full speed, heading for the easy boundary, where Tony is drifting along ahead of me, keeping the cutoff angle.

Meanwhile, Chas has ducked between Welch and Pfunder and is sprinting downfield behind and about a dozen yards inside me. Just as Tony closes in, I turn and flip a two-handed, end-over-end pass to Chas, giving him a good lead. He takes the ball in stride and cuts sharply toward the center of the field, making Bobby Jones overrun him. The remaining Gunn boy, Pop, is standing there, not quite sure what is happening but knowing enough to take a swipe at Chas, catching him on the shoulder. The play should have gone for a touchdown; similar plays often did. But a 50-yard gain ain't bad. We'd take it anytime.

That was pre-monument. The monument changed everything. Guile became as important as speed and agility, especially on kick returns.

The first thing a kick returner did was head for the monument, and it was any defender's guess whether he would burst wide, cut close to the monument, or, while hidden behind it, reverse his field or hand off to a teammate going the other way. Of necessity, the defenders had to split their forces, sending half their players down each side of the monument, with those on one side unable to see what those on the other side were doing.

A trick that worked for me once brought me much quiet joy, then and in retrospect. I caught a Welch punt about 15 yards from the monument, dashed full tilt for its cover, then, hidden behind the shrubbery, stopped dead. Defenders came thundering past me on both sides, and all I had to do was take off for the goal line with nobody in front of me.

In time, all players except the Gunns and Andersons learned to use the monument, both for cover on offense and as an immobile defender. Then Chas came up with the play that blew all past tactics off the field.

It was Chas' play, but typically, because Chas was a scholar, he got the idea from a book. This happened almost half a century ago, and I don't remember whether the book was *Dink Stover At Yale*, or the one about Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais. Whichever, the book told how passer and receiver spent a whole summer working out a spot-pass count system.

We didn't spend a summer, but Chas got me out on Palisado Green one October evening, practicing his play until dusk turned to dark and my hands were too numb to catch the ball. We used the play that Sunday, and the memory is as vivid as that of the unforgettable day my son pitched a no-hitter.

For this play we lined up differently. Chas played center, Sap Greenwood was

continued


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Sports Illustrated
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

at tailback and I lined up at right end. Chas lobbed the ball to Sap, and I took off downfield, running with everything I had, and counting.

One thousand and one, one thousand and two, and I was past the Anderson boys and Joey Moran. One thousand and three, and I was at the upper end of the monument, with Bobby Jones running alongside me. One thousand and four, and I was at the far end of the monument and cutting toward it as Jones turned back to guard against a run. He knew that in another stride or two I'd be behind the monument and safely out of the play. I was all alone, running with glorious speed, piercingly aware of the crisp air scented with burning leaves, the green grass and hazy blue sky.

One thousand and five.

Meanwhile, upfield Sap Greenwood had tossed the ball back to Chas, who took a few quick steps to his right while counting. He put his stubby fingers on the laces of the ball, and when his count reached one thousand and four, reared back and flung the ball with all his might right over the center of the monument.

I saw none of this, but I knew it was happening. When the count reached five I stretched out my arms and looked back over my left shoulder toward the top of the monument. Sure enough, outlined against the sky and spiraling down toward me came the football.

The catch was automatic, and I trotted through the trees for a touchdown while the defenders screamed "Foul!" and wondered just how such a miracle could happen.

The over-the-monument pass worked a few more times in the next couple of weeks, but that was all. The consensus was that the Smiley Brothers Aerial Circus was unfair, and Chas and I never were allowed to play on the same team.

The Sunday Afternoon Football Club lasted another season, then time did what the monument could not. Chas went off to college, Tony got married, and the Gunn brothers moved to Chicago or Kansas City or some such place. Emmy Welch became interested in, for heaven's sake, girls! Bobby Jones decided to take music seriously. Normy Anderson went to work in a gas station, and I—well, I played touch football off and on for the next few years before moving up to tackle, but the glory days of boyhood were over. There were no more passes over the monument. **END**


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NOSTALGIA

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

BEFORE MOST OF US HAD HEARD OF SURFING, THERE WAS A PERFECT WAVE

I was never much of a surfer, but I recall it as a fine sport, one which often demanded the virtue that Hemingway labeled "grace under pressure." Defined in prosaic language, this would be one's ability to handle danger calmly. And the danger in surfing is often clear enough, because a 15-foot wave is a relentlessly moving wall of water as high as a house. Once such a wave curls and breaks, its rolling white water churns with terrifying power. A mere *six- or eight*-footer is a force a novice should be wary of

In Hawaii in the 1950s, surfing was competitive only in the sense that one did his best to escape the wave, outrun the break, and therefore defeat it. It was man against nature in as pure a sense as I have ever seen or experienced

We made our own boards in those days, and it wasn't a complicated or expensive process. An eight- or 10-foot slab of redwood was sawed, planed, sanded to shape and then varnished. The Outrigger Canoe Club, then located in the heart of Waikiki, was usually the site of this work. There were rows of lockers right on the beach in which to store the boards. These redwood planks were used by just about everyone under the age of 40. The much larger and more buoyant hollow boards—thin plywood casings over spruce or redwood frames—were mostly for the old folks. Olympic swimming champion Duke Kahanamoku used one, though, so it was certainly no disgrace.

Boys who grew up surfing on the homemade planks often developed the enormous upper bodies of weightlifters. A plank board is so heavy—as much as 100 pounds—that it sinks about half a foot under water when you lie on it to paddle; and until you are conditioned to it, three hours of such surfing is an exhausting workout. I doubt that there was a stronger group of teen-agers anywhere on earth in those days

It wasn't a large group, though, because surfing wasn't really in fashion then. There were no magazines dedicated to it, no one had yet filmed a documentary, and those absurd Hollywood beach-party movies were years away. Canoe Surf and Queens Surf off Waikiki were fairly crowded on weekends, but the rest of the time one could often find oneself alone on very good waves. The now-famous spots like Sunset Beach and Makaha had barely been discovered.

Eight or 10 times a season Waikiki produced fine waves, 10 feet or larger. "First break" surf, we called it. I rode such waves a number of times but never lost my fear of them. Wipe-outs were a way of life for me, although I don't remember that we called them wipe-outs then. I don't think we called them anything. Accidents happened and mistakes were made. The heavy redwood boards were slower, more difficult to maneuver and far less stable than the keeled polyurethane foam models in use today.

A typical wave offered me two choices, neither of them particularly satisfactory. I would catch it just ahead and to the left of the break—this was usually at Canoe Surf—and then stand and slide left across the steep face of the wave ahead of the curling white water. The left slide at Canoe Surf was slower and therefore easier to complete than the right slide. Inevitably, even when I was going left, the white water would gain on me. When this happened I had to exercise one of my two options. I could stay where I was near the middle of my board and allow the wave to move in and crash over me, dump me, roll me head over heels underwater for 20 or 30 yards while my board continued on another hundred yards or so toward shore. Or I could step forward on the board, which would increase my speed but almost invariably would also send the nose slicing underwater. This was called a "pearl dive," and it would send me headfirst into the water ahead of the wave to roll head over heels for 20 or 30 yards. The advantage in pearl diving was that the board often would emerge behind the wave, saving me the long swim after it

I had only one truly successful and memorable ride in more than five years of surfing. I had come straight to the beach from school, grabbed my board from its locker and paddled out without checking the surf.

The waves at Canoe Surf were better than average, five feet or so, and I had them to myself all afternoon. Then, toward evening, the temperature dropped a few degrees and the offshore breeze picked up a little. Straddling my board, shivering but too happy to quit, I looked out to sea for another set. I could see it coming from a long way off, hills of water against the horizon, piling up against the wind, growing as they came.

I let the first four waves go by and caught the fifth. For some reason, I fancied that five was my lucky number. I was irrationally confident. Even though I had never ridden such a large wave well—and had seldom tried—I was sure that I could do it now

So I caught the wave, and I calmly and mysteriously succeeded. I will say that the fifth wave was 10 feet high, though I *truly* believe it was closer to 12. It was so steep when it reached me, feathered on top, ready to curl, that I only paddled once and I was on it

I turned the board left and stood up. Then there was a flood of beauty and emotion. Up near the crest of the wave, sliding left, I heard a crash and roar behind me. Glancing over my right shoulder, I saw a tunnel of silver water only feet away. Ahead of me the first four waves rolled hugely in.

The break was gaining on me, was almost over me when I stepped forward on the board. For once I felt myself in control. There was no pearl dive, only the smooth acceleration of the board and the feeling of enormous power behind me—power to be used, not feared.

The board was mine. The wave was mine. The very sea itself seemed mine. The ride had begun better than a quarter-mile offshore, and it ended near the beach, the wave finally spent and dying. I had sense enough to quit then. I never looked toward the sea as I paddled in.

When I left Hawaii in 1955, new and improved boards had already arrived from California—Malibu boards, they were called—and they were made of fiber-glass-covered balsa, and had large keels. Hundreds of young California surfers arrived with these boards; the sport as we know it today had been born. As is usual, much has been lost in this process of growth. I'm lucky, I think, to have surfed when I did. One sweet, mysterious wave turned five years of struggling with a redwood plank into a memory that has warmed me for 25 years. **END**



It can't happen here . . . or can it?

Item. The electricity, heat and telephone services have been shut off at the Mason, West Virginia library. The library board does not have enough money to pay utility bills.

Item. The town of Lake Zurich, Illinois (population: 6789) woke up recently to discover that its library staff had begun to move books and other library materials into storage because of lack of space. Federal funds for new library construction under LSCA have been cut back to zero, and the town's hard-hit taxpayers three times rejected ballot proposals to finance the new library space.

Item. A proposed $1.8 million cutback faces the Baltimore, Maryland city library system of 33 branches, which are already on reduced schedules. Most are closed on Saturdays and operate only 32 hours a week.

Item. The brand new $500,000 public library in Point Pleasant, West Virginia has a sign on its front door, "Closed until further notice." Federal LSCA funds financed the start of construction but the money has stopped coming. Local funding is non-existent.

Item. A recently-completed survey of California's 171 public libraries shows an average operating budget reduction of 20 percent, with a comparable reduction in library hours. Hardest hit are special programs for children, and bookmobile visits to shut-ins and hospitals, many eliminated completely because of the shortage of funds resulting from the taxpayer revolt there in June, 1978.

Everywhere the message is the same—the financial squeeze on public libraries is not limited to the big cities. More and more Americans in large and small communities across the land are witnessing reductions in library hours; cutbacks in new book purchases; layoffs of staff. The worst is yet to come.

Today, over 80% of the funding for public libraries comes from local taxes - regressive sales and real property taxes which make the low and middle-income taxpayer carry the load for everybody else.

Fortunately there is something you can do about it. Citizen volunteers are banding together to fight for more Federal and State funding for public libraries. You can join them if you're willing to pitch in. Write: LIBRARIES, Box 366, Bowling Green Station, New York, New York 10004.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 10-16

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Milwaukee, which drew away from its Midwest Division rivals early in the year with 10 straight wins, watched its lead dwindle to half a game The Bucks lost four times, while second-place Kansas City extended its winning streak to five with a pair of victories. Boston defeated Milwaukee twice 113–108 behind 25 points from Larry Bird and 97–94 on Chris Ford's last-second three-pointer The Bucks also lost to Philadelphia and Seattle K C closed in on the division lead by routing Portland 124–85 and Utah 103–87 Otis Birdsong scored 38 in the win over the Blazers, whose losing streak reached 10 games The Jazz loss came after Utah had doubled its season victory total with four wins in a row, including a 100–93 triumph over Golden State in which Adrian Dantley (page *88*) had 39 points Even lowly Chicago gained ground on the Bucks by handing Pacific Division leader Seattle a 121–112 defeat The Sonics needed wins in their other three games to remain one game ahead of the Lakers, who won twice Against the Nuggets, Los Angeles made 27 consecutive free throws and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar hit on 15 of 18 shots from the field In the Central Division, Atlanta stretched its lead to 3½ games over San Antonio. The Hawks crushed New Jersey 122–85 and then beat the Knicks 114–102, despite 29 points by Bill Cartwright and 10 blocked shots by Joe Meriweather Atlanta also swept the 76ers on successive nights. Friday's 103–98 Hawk victory ended a Philly home stand during which the Sixers had won nine straight In Atlanta on Saturday Eddie Johnson and John Drew scored 51 points in a 112–96 win The second defeat dropped Philadelphia to two games behind the division-leading Celtics, who were beating the Knicks 99–96 that night Still the Sixers biggest loss of the week was Doug Collins, who will be out for the season with a stress fracture of his right foot

WBL While New York swept four games from teams with losing records to move three games ahead in the East, Minnesota, 3–0 for the week, replaced Iowa atop the Midwest, and Houston, 2–0, took over first in the West St Louis Guard Elizabeth Sileott, the league's top scorer with a 33 2 average had 46 points in a 112–111 double-overtime win over San Francisco, which had been the Western leader

BOXING—RICARDO CARDONA retained his WBA super-bantamweight title with a unanimous decision over Sergio Palma in Barranquilla Colombia

PARK CHAN-HEE knocked out Guty Espadas to retain his WBC flyweight title in Pusan, South Korea

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—EASTERN KENTUCKY defeated Lehigh 30–7 in Orlando, Fla to win the NCAA Division I-AA championship

SYRACUSE won the Independence Bowl at Shreveport La 31–7 over McNeese State

In the Garden State Bowl at East Rutherford N.J., TEMPLE defeated California 28–17

TEXAS A&I beat Oklahoma Central State 20–14 in McAllen Texas to win the NAIA Division I title

PRO FOOTBALL—For Washington one of three teams eliminated from playoff contention in the final week, it came down to the last 1:46 With that much time left in a game at Dallas for the NFC East title the Redskins led 34–28 and had the Cowboys pinned back at the Dallas 20-yard line But Quarterback Roger Staubach then completed four of six passes in just 67 seconds, the final one an eight-yard toss to Tony Hill in the end zone Rafael Septien's extra point made the score 35–34 and gave Dallas its fifth straight division championship Washington missed qualifying for a wild-card playoff spot because Chicago's 42–6 win over St Louis pushed the Bears ahead of the Skins in net points within the conference—the determining factor because the two teams didn't play this year—and into the playoffs Walter Payton gained 157 yards in the Bears' victory to win the NFC rushing title by five yards—1,610–1,605—over the Cards' Otis Anderson Earlier in the day Tampa Bay eliminated Chicago from contention for the NFC Central crown Playing in a downpour at Tampa Stadium the Bucs beat Kansas City 3–0 on Neil O'Donoghue's 19-yard field goal midway through the fourth quarter Pittsburgh clinched the AFC Central championship for the sixth time in a row by shutting out the Bills 28–0 Franco Harris rushed for 100 yards and two TDs, and the Steeler defense limited Buffalo to eight first downs three of them on penalties. Houston, which had tied the Steelers for the division lead with a 20–17 win over Pittsburgh on Monday night, had to settle for an AFC wild-card berth after NFC wild-card Philadelphia defeated it 26–20 Nevertheless, Earl Campbell gained over 100 yards for a record seventh straight week to earn the league rushing championship with 1,697 yards. Cleveland and Oakland would gladly have taken any playoff spot, instead, they were eliminated Cincinnati beat the Browns 16–12 on Quarterback Jack Thompson's five-yard touchdown run two plays after a Cleveland fumble, while Seattle, behind Jim Zorn's two touchdown passes, defeated the Raiders 29–24 Two teams that had already won their divisions, the Dolphins and the Rams, rested many of their regulars and it showed Miami lost to the Jets 27–24, and Los Angeles was beaten 29–14 by the Saints In other games, Green Bay beat Detroit 18–13 to finish off the Lions' worst season (2–14) since 1946 New England defeated Minnesota 27–23, Atlanta beat the 49ers 31–21 in O.J Simpson's final NFL game and Baltimore routed the Giants 31–7

HOCKEY—The Flyers still haven't lost since the Flames beat them 63 days ago By tying Chicago 4–4, Philadelphia broke the club record of 23 straight games without a loss and the team then increased its streak to 26 with two come-from-behind wins, 6–4 over Quebec and 3–2 over Buffalo Meanwhile Montreal, which in the 1977-78 season ran off the NHL record unbeaten streak of 28 games, couldn't do anything but lose The Canadiens dropped four games to fall to fourth in the points race their total of 36 puts them behind the Flyers (47), Sabres (43) and Bruins (37) Worse, Montreal lost to three of the league's weakest teams—Colorado, Edmonton and Winnipeg. The fourth defeat occurred in New York as rookie Right Wing Duane Sutter scored twice in a 4–1 Islander win Earlier the Islanders had lost 5–4 to the Rangers on a disputed goal by Don Maloney that appeared to hit the crossbar and roll down the outside of the cage No one questioned the Rangers' other two victories, 2–1 over Detroit and 5–2 over the Black Hawks The Bruins, who had tied Detroit 6–6 on a goal and three assists by Peter McNab and beaten Vancouver 5–3 behind McNab's hat trick and one assist, were the victims as Chicago snapped an eight-game winless string with a 2–1 victory

TENNIS—The UNITED STATES defended the Davis Cup by beating Italy 5–0 in San Francisco (*page 75*)

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Martina Navratilova 6–2, 6–1 to win a $200,000 tournament in Tokyo.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED 1979 Eclipse Award winners as racing's best thoroughbreds. AFFIRMED, Horse of the Year and top older horse or gelding. ROCKHILL NATIVE, 2-year-old male horse. SMART ANGLE, 2-year-old filly. SPECTACULAR BID, 3-year-old colt. DAVONA DALE, 3-year-old filly. BOWL GAME, male turf horse; TRILLION, female turf horse, WAYA, older filly or mare STAR DE NASKRA, sprinter; and MARTIE'S ANGER steeplechase or hurdle horse

MIKE WHITE, 43, as head football coach at Illinois, replacing Gary Moeller, who was fired.

As LPGA Rookie of the Year BETH DANIEL, 23, who had 15 top ten finishes and $97,027 in earnings

RESIGNED: First-year coach of the Canadiens, BERNIE (Boom Boom) GEOFFRION, who guided Montreal to a 15–9–6 record Assistant Coach CLAUDE RUEL 41 was named to replace him

SUSPENDED: By the New York State Athletic Commission until new safety procedures are instituted, all pro boxing in that state The ruling follows an inquiry into the Nov 28 death of middleweight Willie Classen from head injuries suffered during a bout at Madison Square Garden

GEORGE HALAS JR., 54 president of the Chicago Bears since 1963 and the son of the team's founder and owner of a heart attack in Chicago

CREDITS

6—Illustrations by John Huehnergarth. **30,31**—Richard Mackson. **32,33**—Manny Millan. **34**—John Iacono (top) Tony Tomsic (center) Manny Millan. **35**—R J Capak (left) Lane Stewart (center) Bob Straus Jr. **36, 37**—Walter Iooss Jr. **38**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **39**—Manny Millan. **40**—Heinz Kluetmeier (left) Jerry Wachter—Focus on Sports. **46**—Lane Stewart. **47**—Tony Tnolo (top) Lang Stewart. **48,49**—Lang Stewart. **50**—Lane Stewart (top) Tony Tnolo. **50,51**—Sabastian Bastel. **52,53**—Vince Streano. **54-57**—Sebastian Bastal. **58**—Vince Streano. **71**—Tony Tomsic. **75,76**—Andy Hayt. **79**—Lana Stewart. **84,87**—Gerald R Brimacombe. **89**—Hank deLespinasse. **129**—Rod Hanna Boston University Photo Service Stephen Carroll

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOM SOUTHALL
STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO

Tom, a junior tailback, ran for 412 yards on 28 carries and scored six TDs to lead Steamboat Springs High to a 52–15 win over Sheridan in the state Class-AA playoffs He finished the season with 2,184 yards rushing and 30 touchdowns



SABRINA DOENHOEFER
WÜRZBURG, WEST GERMANY

Sabrina, a 95-pound junior at Würzburg American High, won the U S Department of Defense European schools girls' cross-country championship for the third year in a row. She ran a 10:52 for 2 1 miles, 1 08 faster than the runner-up



DR. BURTON MORROW
LAKEWOOD, CALIF

Morrow, a 57-year-old dentist, defeated Carl Loveday 21–0, 21–13 in Tempe, Ariz. to retain his golden masters title at the National Racquetball Championships He also won the doubles, teaming with Les Skelton, 57, of Oahu, Hawaii



LYNNE JEWELL
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF

Jewell, a junior at Boston University, was named the nation's No 1 female sailor after winning five of eight regattas She won the women's New England singlehanded title and was fourth in the Women's World Singlehanded championships



KEN FRASER
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA

Fraser, 43, a charter-boat captain, landed an all-tackle world-record 1,496-pound bluefin tuna off Nova Scotia He used a whole mackerel as bait and 130-pound test line to haul in his catch, which surpassed the previous mark by 261 pounds.



JENYA BARANOALIEV
SOFIA, BULGARIA

Sarandaliev, 18, broke the world junior clean-and-jerk record in the 114-pound class at a weightlifting meet in Bethesda Md. His lift of 292 pounds surpassed the old mark by 5½ pounds and was only 22 pounds shy of the senior world record.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NEW MEXICO'S SCANDAL

Sir:

I read with interest your article on the University of New Mexico basketball scandal (*Now New Mexico Feels the Heat*, Dec. 10). You quoted UNM President William E. Davis as saying it was "lack of leadership and discipline for the past several years that allowed things to deteriorate so badly." This and other statements by Davis quoted in your report indicate that he had no knowledge of what was going on in his university's basketball program.

If the NCAA seriously wishes to prevent these all too frequent abuses of collegiate athletic standards, there is a very simple step that could be taken: make the university president directly responsible—in fact, not just in name—for the conduct of his athletic department. Knowing that they could lose *their* jobs would be a great incentive to college presidents to make certain that they are aware of what is going on in their athletic departments. In all other organizations, be they governmental or industrial, the president is ultimately responsible for the conduct of his subordinates. I do not see why it should be different for the institutions governed by the NCAA. With interest in collegiate athletics reaching an all-time high, it is extremely unfortunate that we are finding more and more excesses occurring in areas like the recruitment and eligibility of athletes.

PATRICK J. MCBRIDE
La Porte, Ind.

Sir:

John Papanek's account of the New Mexico basketball scandal was very well done and exposed the facts of the situation in a surprisingly stark fashion. However, Papanek touched on one subject that he didn't fully explore: where was Craig Gilbert when all the transcript-fixing was going on, and how come he wasn't involved in the process of getting himself enrolled in school?

As a student-athlete at Pacific University, I'm aware of the difficulties involved in competing in a sport and going to classes at the same time. But if Gilbert, as he was quoted as saying, didn't even know how many credit hours he had completed at his college, then something is terribly wrong with that college, its administrators, its coaches and Gilbert himself. After all, an athlete is a student first, isn't he?

RUSTY HAMPTON
Forest Grove, Ore.

Sir:

"And the fourth one had to be the one that was taped," Coach Norm Ellenberger is said to have sobbed as he told of the conversations that broke the scandal. If this is so, Ellenberger must have studied the zone defense under Richard Nixon.

JOSEPH P. KAHN
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

SWANN'S WAY

Sir:

Without a doubt, the most spectacular attraction in all of sport is the Pittsburgh Steelers' Lynn Swann on the receiving end of a football thrown high and wide (*Champagne, Roses and Donuts*, Dec. 10). Furthermore, the athletic ability he displays in one of his cross-country runs can be duplicated by no one. Whether his ability is called poetry in motion, beauty in combat or something else, it puts Swann in a class by himself. Not since Gale Sayers has that class had a member.

MIKE COOMBS
Provo, Utah

Sir:

Frank Deford's article on Lynn Swann was something special. Deford quotes Swann as saying of Pittsburgh, "It's a pretty place, isn't it?" Pittsburgh *is* beautiful, not only because of the scenery but also because it's lucky enough to have the Steelers, Pirates, Penguins and Major Indoor Soccer League Spirit. Many great teams and many great people—that's really what Pittsburgh is all about.

ANN LYNCH
Pittsburgh

Sir:

The only thing that saddens me about Swanny is that he doesn't reside in Pittsburgh (I'm a native) 12 months a year.

DAVID M. BONGA
Reinholds, Pa.

Sir:

Perhaps it's time for Pittsburgh to cast aside its image as a shot-and-a-beer town and emulate Lynn Swann in his affinity for champagne, because the Steel City is becoming Title Town, U.S.A.

RON BEVANS JR.
Stamford, Conn.

AMERICA'S TEAM

Sir:

Frank Deford wrote that Lynn Swann is annoyed because the Dallas Cowboys have "anointed themselves as 'America's Team.'" It might interest you to know that Steve Sabol, executive vice-president of NFL Films, suggested that title in recognition of the Cowboys' national following. Dallas *is* America's Team. For example, of the items licensed for sale by NFL Properties that are available in 28 different versions—each bearing the insignia of one of the NFL's 28 teams—those with the Cowboy emblem account for 29% of the business.

CHRISTOPHER CHESTNUT
Longview, Texas

Sir:

Although the Cowboys are the class team of America and very deserving of the America's Team nickname, fans in Dallas don't like the idea of sharing their champions with everyone else. America's Team? No way! The Cowboys belong to Dallas!

JOHN KELLEY JR.
Dallas

Sir:

What's this? The Cowboys "undisputed Super Bowl losers"? I think this honor belongs to the Minnesota Vikings.

Lynn Swann is a hot dog, and Dallas' Drew Pearson and Tony Hill can match him and John Stallworth any day.

GREG WALKER
Dallas

BY THE CLOCK

Sir:

I would like to congratulate Curry Kirkpatrick and welcome him back to the college basketball ranks (*It's a Happening*, Dec. 3). His humorous writing and insights into the game are unparalleled.

However, I disagree with one of his criticisms of pro ball, the 24-second clock. While it's true that throwing up 25-foot shots is not how basketball is meant to be played, the cause of such shots is not the clock. As Golden State and Portland showed in their championship years, a team can work the ball inside successfully within the 24-second limit.

When this limit is taken away what we have is a "four-corners" offense. This, too, is certainly *not* how basketball is meant to be played. I would have walked out of the 7–0 Duke-North Carolina debacle long before halftime.

The pro game has many shortcomings, but it is the players and not the 24-second clock that have caused them. College ball would do well to adopt the clock.

DAVID BLOCK
Danville, Calif.

CELTIC REVIVAL

Sir:

Your article on the Celtics (*Boston Is Winging Once More*, Dec. 3) was excellent, and Red Auerbach's comments on former owner John Y. Brown Jr. were quite interesting. However, he said, "People wouldn't have believed me if I told them how dumb [Brown] was." You don't work your way through law school selling encyclopedias or make millions selling chicken or become gov-

continued

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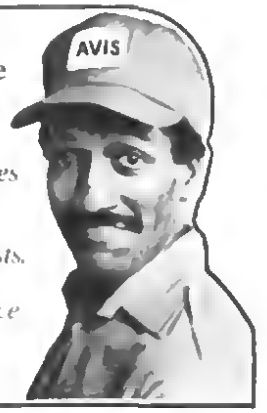
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ernor (by 173,000 votes) of such a fine state as Kentucky by being *dumb*! The only thing good about Boston is University of Kentucky alumnus Rick Robey.

DOUG KEELER
Louisville

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the Celtics. You covered all the key people on the team—except Chris Ford, the runnin', gunnin' guard. He's been doing a superb job ever since he came over from Detroit, and we Celtic fans are more than happy to have him.

JONATHAN WEINER
Marblehead, Mass.

SAVORING THE PIE RACE

Sir:

It was with great pleasure and vivid memories that I read Sarah Pileggi's article on the Bemis-Forslund Pie Race at the Northfield Mount Hermon School (*It Was Easy as Pie*, Dec. 3). Like many "Hermonites," I will always cherish the run for the pie and the reward. I got mine in 1943 and can still taste it and feel the burning lungs.

You captured the essence of Axel Forslund—or "the Axe," as he was called behind his back—a fine leader and builder of an athletic and physical education program that will outlive us all. Thanks.

ALAN C. MOORE
Professor of Physical Education
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir:

I congratulate Sarah Pileggi for her excellent description of the Bemis-Forslund Pie Race. She managed to capture the event just as it is and made me recall my own quest for a pie when I was a student at NMH.

It is the only race I've ever entered—and the only race I ever *plan* to enter. Already set in my inactive ways, I doubted whether I would be able to complete the 4.5 miles, let alone cover them within the 33 minutes necessary to win a pie. I crossed the finish line in a dead heat with another student and an alumnus more than twice my age and nearly passed out from the exertion. Our time? Thirty-three minutes. Flat.

DAVID JOHNSON
Class of '78
Durham, N.H.

WISCONSINITE

Sir:

I was surprised to see in your otherwise excellent article on the U.S. Olympic hockey team (*Of Gold and Gophers*, Dec. 10) that Mark Johnson was characterized as a Minnesotan. I don't know if Johnson was born in Minnesota, but I do know that he learned his basic skills—and became the consummate player he is today—in Wisconsin. Mark led Madison Memorial High School to two state championships before attending the University of Wisconsin.

To call Johnson a Minnesotan is galling because of the intense rivalry between Minnesota and Wisconsin. It also does a disservice to the great strides being made in Wisconsin in producing players of Mark's caliber.

MICHAEL S. HEFFERNAN
Madison

• Johnson was born in Minneapolis but lived there only 5½ years. In 1963 his family moved to Colorado Springs, Colo., where his father, Bob Johnson, coached hockey at Colorado College for three years before taking over as coach at Wisconsin.—ED.

JACKRABBIT

Sir:

Many thanks for the inspiring article on North America's grandfather of skiing, Herman (Jackrabbit) Smith-Johannsen (*The Old Man and the Ski*, Dec. 10). I strongly concur with Jackrabbit's opinions on modern-day skiing. I've always envisioned skiing as an activity for hearty, outdoors-loving people. But, as Jackrabbit states, an increasing number of lazy skiers—who, I might add, couldn't care less about the outdoors—are crowding the downhill slopes and cross-country trails almost everywhere. I also firmly agree with Jackrabbit's criticism of high-priced equipment and extravagant ski wear.

JEFF SHAW
Lakewood, Colo.

Sir:

There was only one thing wrong with your Jackrabbit Johannsen story: it was too short. As Jackrabbit realizes, the main reason he's so special is that others live at a level that is far below their potential, while he gets the most out of his. And if there's any secret to Jackrabbit's longevity, it's surely that he takes himself lightly and also has a good sense of humor.

RICK SYLVESTER
Olympic Valley, Calif.

A STONE'S THROW (CONT.)

Sir:

In reference to the article concerning the Dinnie and Inver stones and the Braemar Games in Scotland (*A Legend in the Making*, Nov. 5), Highland Games or Scottish Games are one of the oldest forms of organized athletic competition in the world, with several events having their counterparts in the modern Olympics. There is a great deal of interest in these games in North America, and there are more than 24 such games recognized by the North American Scottish Games Association in the U.S. and Canada.

Your story mentions that the old world record for height in the 56-pound weight throw was 16' 1" and that Powerlifter Bill Kazmaier broke it with a throw of 16' 2". Your readers may be interested to know that Shotputter Brian Oldfield threw the 56-pound weight 16' 7" at the Ohio Scottish Games in Stow, Ohio on Aug. 25. Like Kazmaier, Oldfield made the throw with one hand, according to Scottish professional rules. Oldfield has thrown higher than 16' 1" at three other games in 1979. He also has won six overall games championships.

FRED VAUGHN
President-Treasurer
NASGA
North Myrtle Beach, S.C.

TURNED OFF

Sir:

I would like to offer an alternative explanation for the fact that TV ratings for professional football have not increased the way scoring has this season (*The Name of the Game Is Now Armball*, Nov. 19). If fans are turned off by pro football, I do not believe it is simply because of the new rules or because, as Dallas Free Safety Cliff Harris suggests, most people prefer a good defensive battle to a good offensive battle. Rather, I feel that people may be turned off by the endless time outs called because of injuries. Fans are disappointed when their favorite players are out of action or are reduced to putting on subpar performances on account of injuries.

Because I think the intimidation tactics of defenses have been causing most of the injuries, I feel that John Underwood's series last year on brutality in football (*Brutality: The Crisis in Football*, Aug. 14-28, 1978) contains the best explanation to date of the decline in interest. If anything, the rule changes favoring and protecting the offense may have come too late.

PAUL SIMMONS
Salt Lake City

THE MVP

Sir:

In SCORECARD (Nov. 26) you asked for a definition in four sentences of baseball's Most Valuable Player. Here's mine: the most respected and admired player on the team. The player all teammates depend on to deliver in key situations. The player with above-average statistics who, with a touch of class, can smile because he thrives on pressure. Willie Stargell.

JONATHAN G. MOORE
Slippery Rock, Pa.

Sir:

It doesn't take four sentences to describe the Most Valuable Player; it can be done in four words: most outstanding performer statistically. On that basis, in the National League Dave Winfield is the only player who should have been close to Keith Hernandez.

TIM WILHELM
Malibu, Calif.

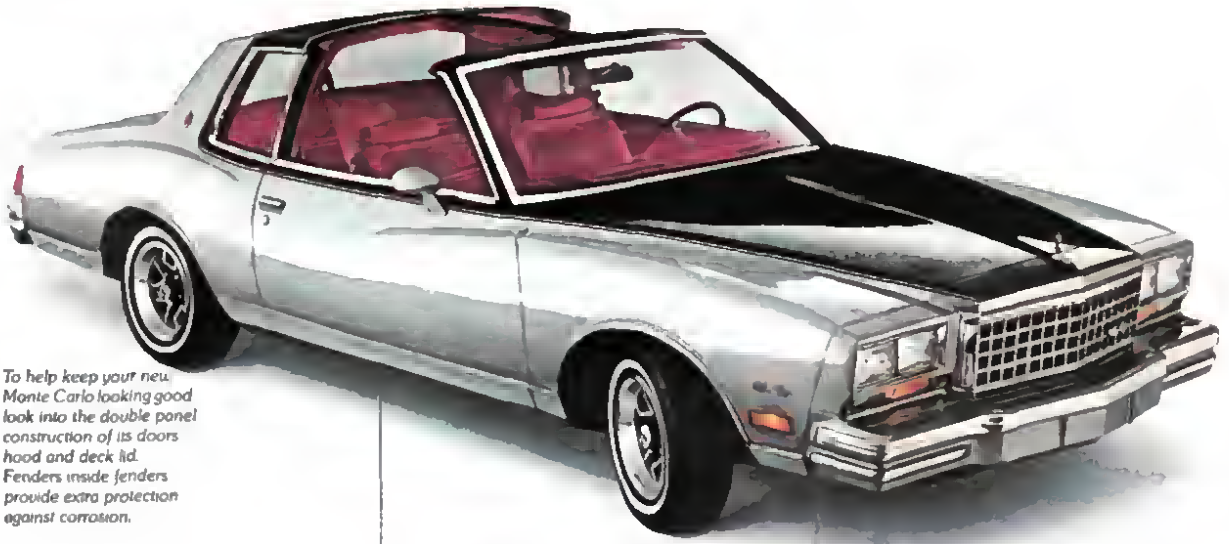
Sir:

MVP: not the player who did the best in the league, but the one who helped his team the most by working the hardest.

TIM KOERTVOHANN
Fort Worth

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